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INTERFLORA

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taste and grace to tender thought
Flowers-By-Wire carry your love, swift and sure
Cupid's arrow, when you're away on that February da
THIS year, when you whisper, "Be n
Valentine", say it softly . . . say it sweet
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LOOK FOR THE FAMOUS F.T.D. MERCURY EMBLEM. IT IDENTIFIES THE RIGHT SHOPS!

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BREATH NOT AS SWEET, TEETH NOT AS CLEAN AS THEY CAN BE

Ipana keeps your whole mouth cleaner, sweeter, sparkling!

Almost everyone's mouth sometimes tastes stale, furry, unpleasant. It's often a sign of "Tell-Tale Mouth"—teeth not as clean, breath not as sweet as can be.

To avoid "Tell-Tale Mouth," brush your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Yes, actual dentists' tests prove that this gets teeth cleaner, more sparkling. Also helps remove *causes* of unpleasant mouth odor, sweetens breath instantly.

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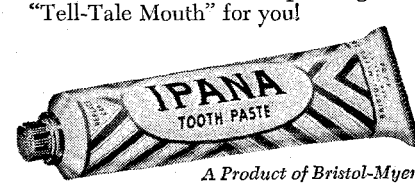

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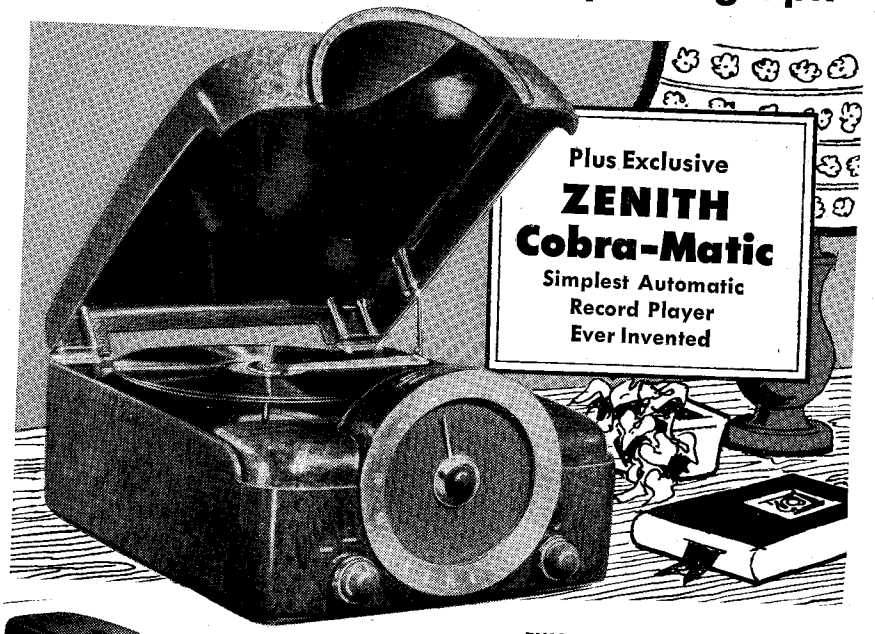
in this Zenith table radio-phonograph



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"Won't You Be My . . . ?".....WESLEY SNYDER

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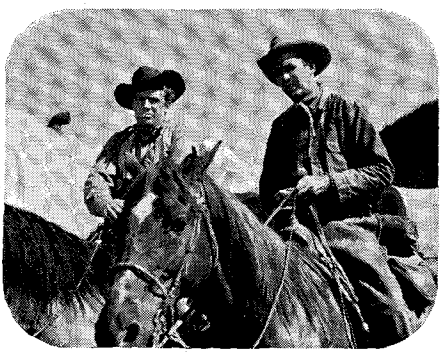

BEND OF THE RIVER

HERE IS A WESTERN that ranks with the year's best. Saga of a wagon train on the Oregon Trail, it is alive with the tense action of the frontier. Glyn McLyntock (*James Stewart*) leads the band to an upriver settlement. There, a money-hungry adventurer (*Arthur Kennedy*) tries to divert vital supplies to the miners of a nearby gold strike. In the fight to the finish that follows, this Universal-International picture reaches a roaring climax.

ANOTHER MAN'S POISON

NOT SINCE *The Little Foxes* has Bette Davis' immense range and intense dramatic capacity been tested as it is in this United Artists picture about a woman trying to hide the murder of her husband. From the time she induces George Bates (*Gary Merrill*) to take the place of the dead man—whom no one in their little village has ever seen—until the bitterly ironic ending, the story unwinds with taut and almost-violent rapidity.

ROOM FOR ONE MORE

IN THIS WARM, sentimental tale of a family with "an ear for children," Warner Brothers has come up with a sparkling film demonstration of the Golden Rule. "Poppy" and Anna Rose (based on real-life characters), played by Cary Grant and Betsy Drake, cannot resist stray cats and homeless children. As a result, their modest home is overrun with both, setting the stage for situations ranging from comedy to poignance.

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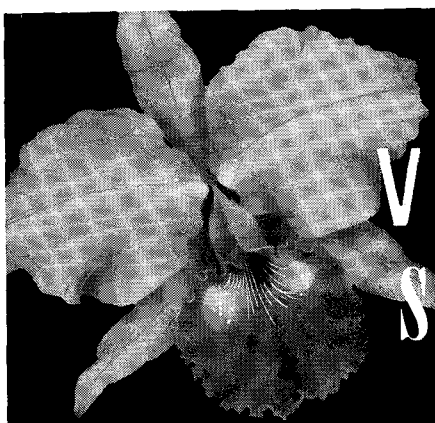

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One of Our Own

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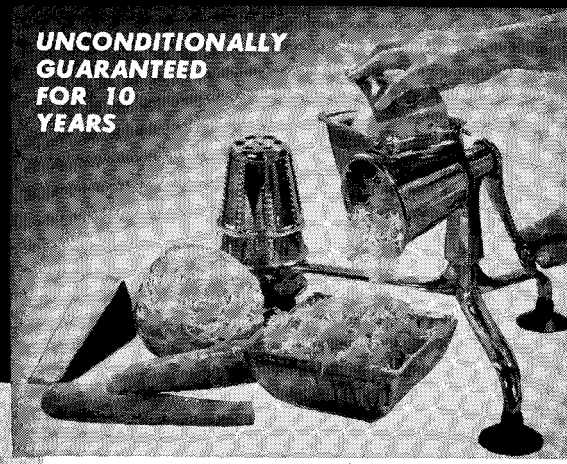
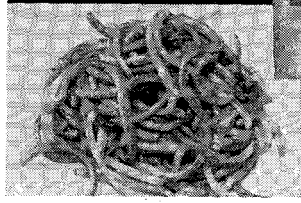
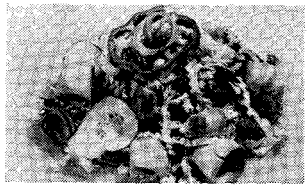
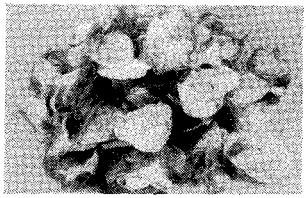




Wonderful French Fries
Waffle fries, too — 1 gallon per minute.



Tossed Salad for 8 in 60 seconds! Every bite perfectly cut.



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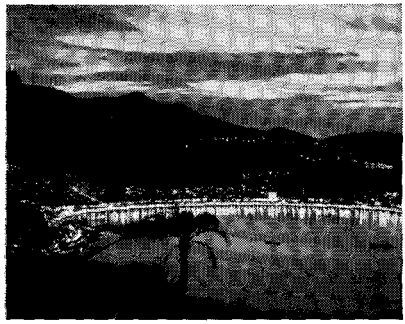
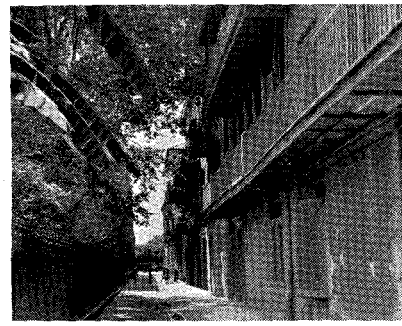
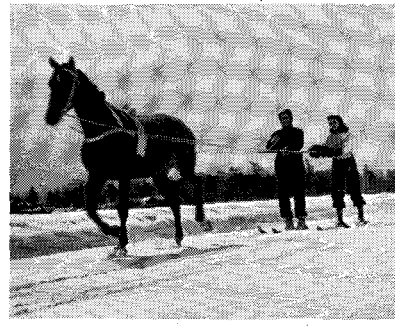


Rio de Janeiro: To the people of beautiful Rio, this February renews an annual dream: to make visitors remember that year's *carnaval* as more magnificent than any in history. For weeks, all Brazil is in a frenzy. At noon on the 23rd, the four-day celebration gets into full swing. Street sambas, costume balls, parades—all add to the gaiety.



New Orleans: On cobbled streets and in ornate grillwork, the flavor of old France still hangs over New Orleans. On Shrove Tuesday, all the city's romance and vigor boil over in one of the world's most remarkable pre-Lenten celebrations—Mardi Gras. Costumes and floats are everywhere, and a high holiday spirit prevails.

Nassau: Once an exclusive winter resort, the Bahamas have suddenly become an alluring playground for the middle-income tourist. Set in a sea of tropical blue, the brightly colored islands are as scenically lovely as they are excitingly varied. For fishing, boating, bicycling—or just plain sunbathing—few spots are more ideally designed.



Lake Placid: Ever go skijoring (*above*)? Imported from Norway, it is one of the sports that have made Lake Placid a winter sports capital of the U.S. Magnificent ski trails test beginner and expert alike. For the really daring, there are icy, sharply banked toboggan chutes that will carry you down nearby hills at mile-a-minute speed.

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Delicious Meals at LOW COST!

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Thrifty, nutritious River Brand Rice turns low-cost meals into lip-smacking triumphs. S-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s costly meats—works wonders with leftovers.

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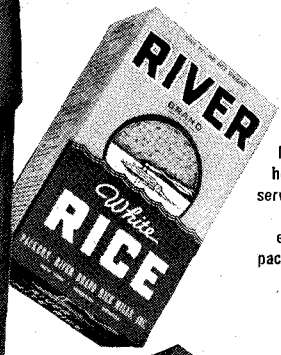
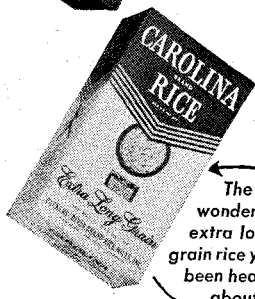
1 cup RIVER BRAND or CAROLINA BRAND RICE, 1 tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water. Wash thoroughly and place in 3 qt. pot with tight-fitting cover. Place over moderate heat and bring to vigorous boil. When steam and foam begin to escape, turn heat low as possible and cook rice until tender—about 20 minutes. All water should be absorbed. Keep in warm place until ready to serve. Makes 5 to 6 servings.



Many hearty servings from every package



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GALLANT JOURNEY—Glenn Ford and Janet Blair

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ONCE UPON A TIME—Cary Grant and Janet Blair

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TEXAS—William Holden, Claire Trevor, Glenn Ford

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YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, James Stewart

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON—Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains

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MAJOR BARBARA—Rex Harrison and Wendy Hiller

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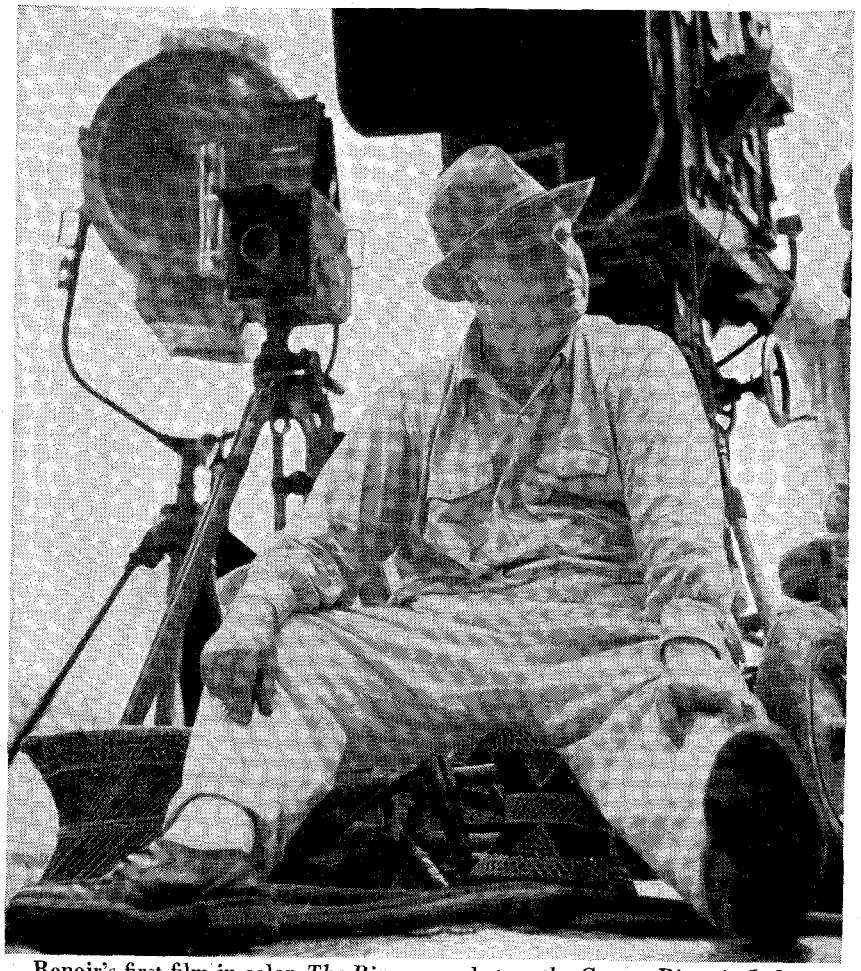

Renoir's first film in color, *The River,* was shot on the Ganges River in India.

Renoir OF THE MOVIES

ON MANY OF Renoir's immortal canvases, there appears a boy with long red curls. He is Jean, son of the great painter, who, in addition to this anonymous fame, learned an intense sensitivity in these, his formative years.

Young Jean became a movie-maker, and his artistry was soon hailed around the world. The work of this new Renoir bore a unique stamp—color, richness, detail. Today, the son wears the same label that distinguished the father. When critics call a film a Renoir, they give it the supreme accolade.

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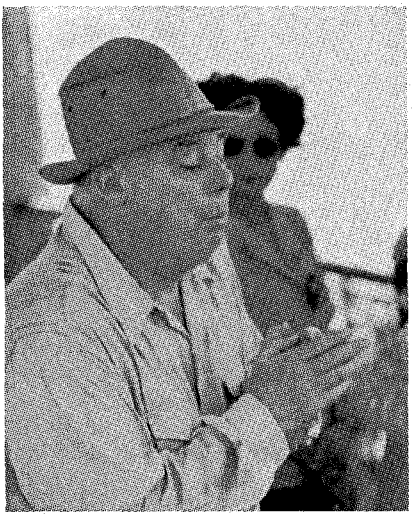
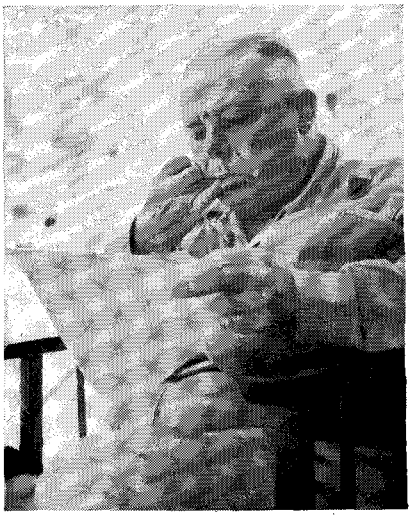


Born in France, Renoir is now an American. "The field to work in, however," he points out, "is not America, not Italy, not France, not England. It is the world."



The long red hair has vanished, but not Jean Renoir's lifelong compassion for beauty and humanity and truth. He has written his greatest successes himself.

"Shooting on location is not so much a matter of what later appears on the screen. It is the feeling for reality absorbed by the actors, director, and crew."

As a director, Renoir draws his story from its background; yet, to all his pictures he imparts a universality that has made them successes all over the world.

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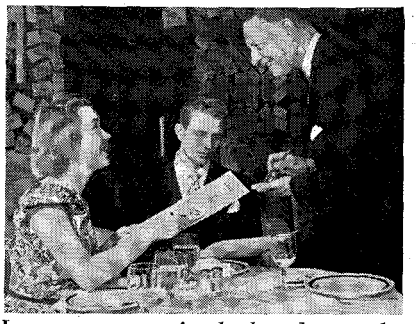
MANNERS AND MENUS



Let your escort give both orders to the waiter. That is one masculine prerogative that should never be denied him.

Berating the waiter in bellicose tones is a mark of ill breeding. If you have any complaints, voice them quietly.

A restaurant table should never be the place for hair-combing and other major make-up repair. Use the ladies' lounge.

Few people would use the napkins in their home to wipe off excess lipstick. No one should do it in a restaurant.

If you like to demonstrate with figures, have a pencil and paper handy. Never record your business on the tablecloth.

A little advance planning and thinking will help avoid one of the most unsightly of restaurant scenes—check-haggling.

Posed by Barbara Dobbins, Ruth Thomas, Bette Lou Walters, Walter Born, William Martin and Robert Wollter of the Ken Murray show, CBS-TV, at El Borracho Restaurant, New York.

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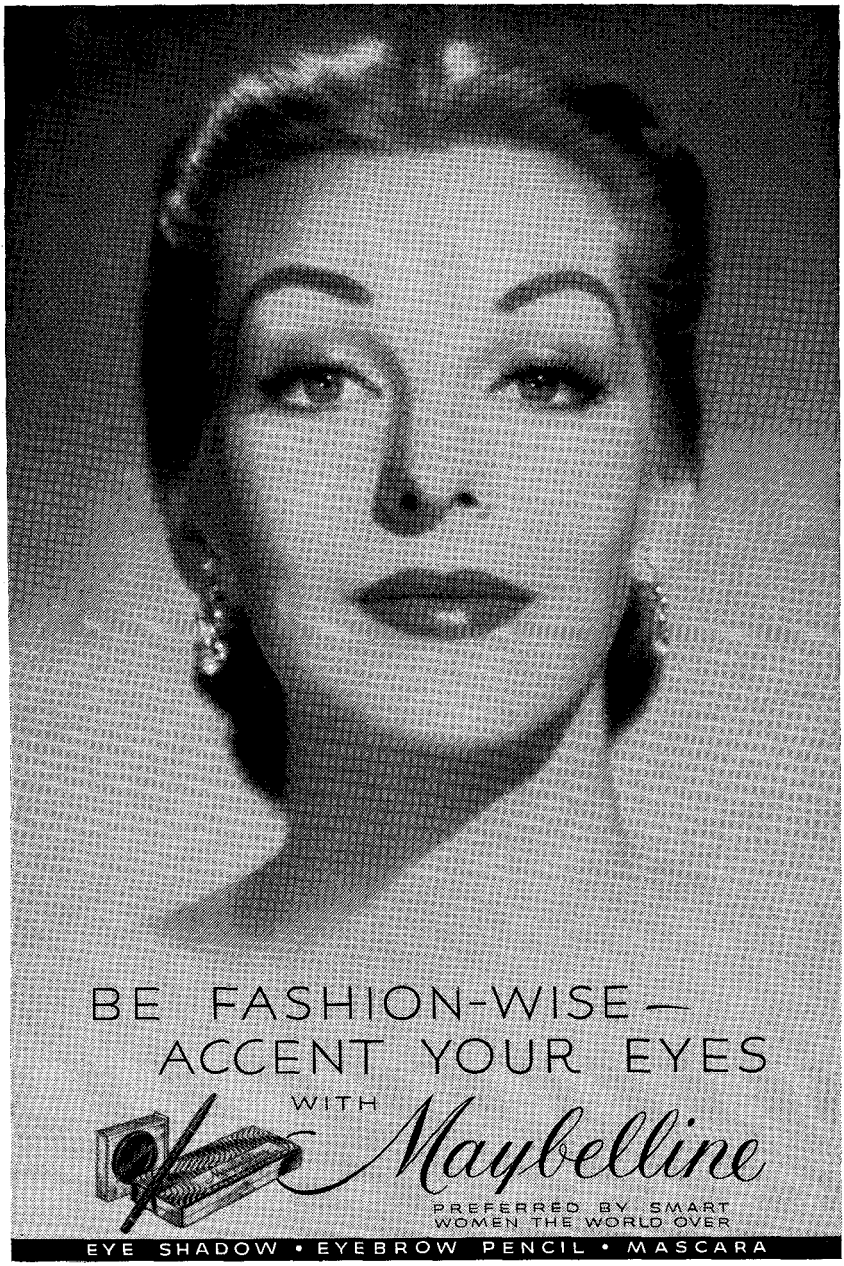

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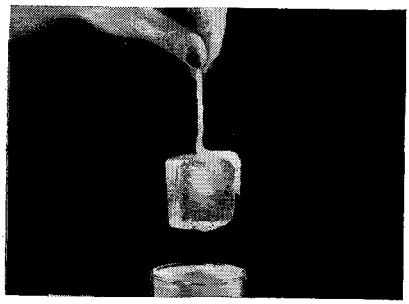
Coronet Quick Tricks



THE TRICK: To balance a needle on its point on the edge of a soda bottle.

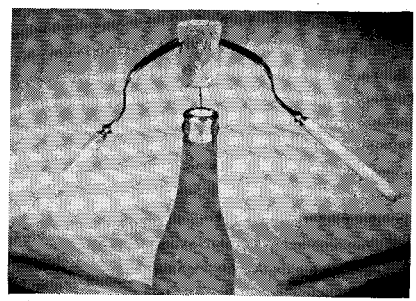
HOW TO DO IT: Run the prongs of two table forks into a cork, making sure they are directly opposite one another. Then run eye end of needle into small end of cork. This will enable you to balance the needle on the bottle's edge.

THE TRICK: To pick up two corks with index and second fingers of one hand.

HOW TO DO IT: Roll two corks together in parallel position, small ends adjacent to one another; then, by straddling them with index and second fingers slightly bent, and pressing inward, the corks can easily be lifted.

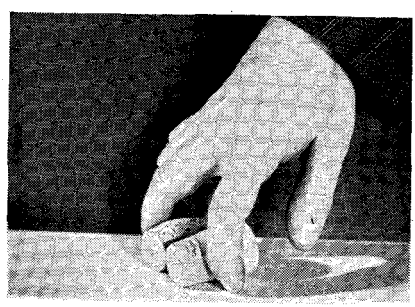
THE TRICK: To lift an ice cube from a drinking glass without touching glass or cube with your fingers in any way.

HOW TO DO IT: Wet a piece of string, and lay its end across the cube. Liberally sprinkle table salt over both. They will quickly freeze together; then the cube can easily be lifted from the glass.



THE TRICK: Balance a fork, spoon, and toothpick on edge of a glass without extending any of them inside the rim.

HOW TO DO IT: Lock ends of fork and spoon. Balance them and pick, extending toothpick over rim; then light pick from inside. It will burn to rim, leaving fork, spoon, and pick balanced.



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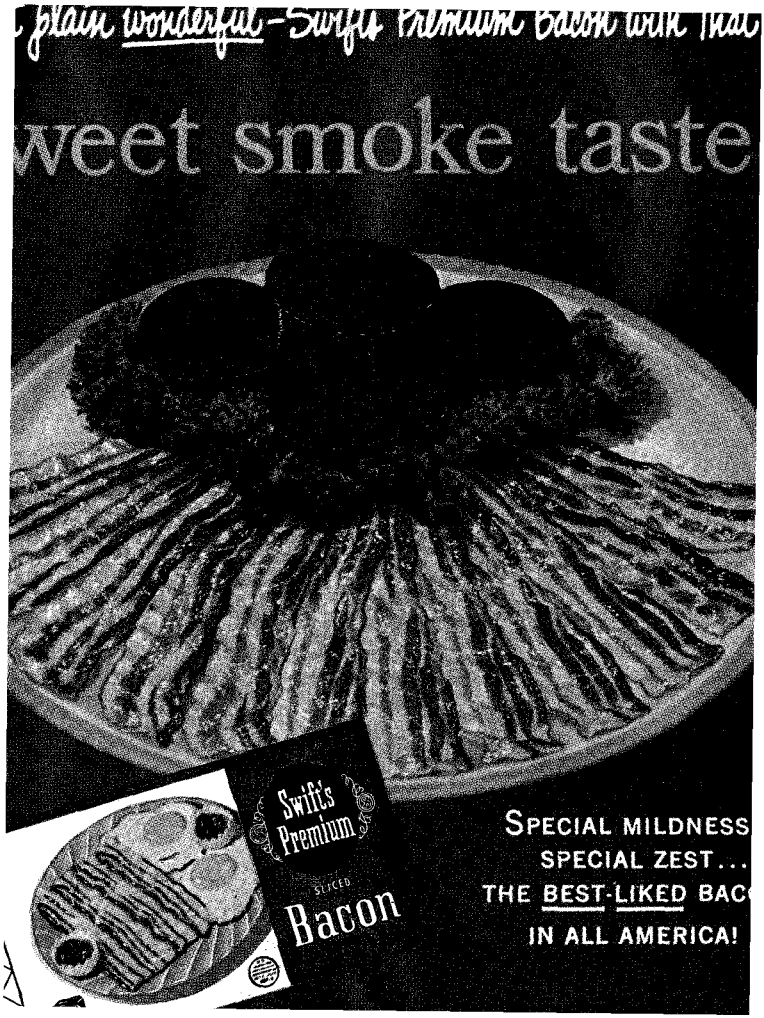

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Every slice is perfect! —every bite a thrill!

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4 FIVE DELICIOUS VARIETIES! Besides extra-mellow Kraft Pasteurized Process American there's *Pimento*, *Swiss*, *Brick* and sharp *Old English Brand*. The neat packages are space-savers; keep *several* kinds ready.

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Coronet Vol. 31, No. 4. February, 1952

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

Are Doctors Human?

by WILLIAM HYATT GORDON, M. D.

"GET A DOCTOR! Quick!" Doctors everywhere hear and heed this frantic cry, countless times each day and night. Hearts are filled with compassion and pity for the suffering, and everyone is willing to help. This, of course, is as it should be. But it is the doctor who must assume the responsibility of making a proper diagnosis and seeing that correct treatment is instituted.

With this in mind, isn't it strange how seldom one gives a thought to who the doctor is, where he comes from, or what he is really like? Generally it is enough to know there is such a person to call on in case of need, like the fireman or policeman. Perhaps it is natural to think of him thus, but it would be nice for the doctor to be thought of as a person. After all, he is human, too.

During the last year or so, the medical profession has taken quite a verbal drubbing. Its shortcomings have served as a topic at bridge and cocktail parties, for debate by congressional committees, even for radio addresses over national hookups by people with theoretic panaceas for all our medical ills.

One may hear a community leader reminisce, with nostalgic tears in his eyes, of good old Doc Green, dead and gone these many years from a heart attack—God rest his soul—who stuck by and pulled him through a spell of typhoid fever after three others in the family had died of it. How he does wish we had such doctors nowadays!

One can hear wild stories about the cost of medical care, with the accusing finger pointing at doctors

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—the culprits who are getting rich off other people's tragedies. The medical profession has been called a "medical trust" and spoken of in that belligerent tone which is commonly reserved for big business and Wall Street.

Actually, the medical profession is composed of individual doctors, fellows such as those you sit by at Rotary, who attend your church and who are concerned when you are ill. Doctors are the fellows who get out of bed on a cold night (after having been in it hardly long enough to get warm) to see you or your sick baby; the fellows who treat you for pneumonia or heart disease, or perform your operation.

Are they the monsters that people mean when they talk about the medical profession? No? . . . Well, the medical profession is made up of thousands of such men. How could such an organization become the menace to our society that some people say it is?

Where do these doctors come from? They are basically just ordinary people. They come from orphanages, from farms, from homes of merchants, factory workers, day laborers, the well-to-do, and the rich. Representatives of all races and most religions are in their ranks. Their proficiencies and respective abilities may be as varied as their origin and social background.

As a group, they are of average intelligence; by necessity, if not by nature, they are academically inclined. Like trees in the forest, some are tall and strong, others bent and weak. Some are old, showing scars wrought by the ravages of time; others are young, straight, and unscathed. But when viewed from afar, the forest is as one—a formidable bulwark against the elements.

So it is with the medical profession. There are many individual variances, but, collectively, doctors serve as a mighty protection against pain, suffering, and disease.

AWAY FROM the hospital and the office, doctors become John, Bill, or Pete, or perhaps just Daddy. They cherish their family life as do most other Americans, but because uninterrupted evenings are infrequent they often enjoy the simplicities of home more than do most people. As a group they retain a rather high sense of moral values, but away from the responsibilities of their practice and the surreptitious looks of their critics they may let their hair down thoroughly.

Hunting or fishing trips or trips to medical meetings are not merely trips. They are occasions to be looked forward to for weeks, as a child does toward that day when he will be old enough for school. It means they can get away.

Away from what or whom? Doesn't the doctor like his life's work? That isn't necessarily the reason. He occasionally wants to get from under the heavy responsibilities he carries day and night. He wants to get away from people. Regardless of how well he may like people in general, there are those who can be exasperating to an extreme.

He abhors people who spend most of their first visit criticizing previous doctors and telling him how worthless his colleagues are (he knows only too well that he will join the list after two or three visits). He dislikes the very important fellow who, to the doctor's query as to

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what is bothering him, replies with a self-satisfied smirk, "That, Doc, is what I came to you to find out."

Another is the fellow who, when told after a painstaking examination that his heart is not normal, indignantly says, "No, Doc, you must be wrong. My heart has always been good." One might point out that a tire that has always been good can go flat, but such logic would be a waste of time.

The doctor wants to get away from the telephone—that enemy of rest and sleep. He wants once in a while to go to bed without the ever-present subconscious uneasiness about the "bad ones," wondering which of them will call. Yes, the doctor gets tired, sleepy, and short-tempered, as does every other ordinary human being leading a hard, irregular, nerve-racking existence, and he reacts as they all do by wanting to get away from it all.

DOES THE DOCTOR of today differ from the Dr. Green of yesterday? In many particulars, yes; basically, no. The common desire to help the sick and needy remains the same, but the route which the modern doctor must travel to attain his goal is very different from that of 60 years ago.

At that time, one could take a two-year medical course without even a high-school education and become a full-fledged practitioner. Now, only after years of premedical, medical, and postgraduate training at terrific cost in money and years of life can a physician gain the privilege of bringing his scientific knowledge to his patient.

These years are filled with hard work and long hours of study. They are years often sprinkled with hardship, denials, and deprivation. No longer is it possible to become a master of all fields of medicine (if it ever was). Each specialty constitutes a lifelong course of study.

Yes, one may say, but it pays off. Doctors get rich doing all these things; they are paid well for them! But are they? Not long ago, the Bureau of Medical Economic Research reported a survey of doctors' incomes for 1949. According to these figures, the average general practitioner netted $8,835 annually before taxes, while the specialist averaged $15,014.

Is that getting rich? Is that the tremendous sum the bloated plutocrats of the medical profession take each year from the people?

The practicing life of a physician is not great; his work is never done and his hours are long and irregular. The equipment he must buy, if he is to practice the best type of medicine, is expensive.

Unlike the merchant, the doctor cannot go away and let someone else take over his business for a while. When he leaves town, his income stops. If one deducts the cost of his expensive education and prorates his total earnings over his years of study and training, the doctor is clearly not overpaid.

One feature frequently overlooked is that in Doc Green's day the cost of medication was negligible—whereas the present cost of antibiotics, plasma, medical appliances, diagnostic procedures, hospitalization, and dental care eats up more than 72 cents of each dollar the patient spends for medical care.

Since the medical profession consists largely of average American

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citizens, why has it received so much adverse criticism? A puzzling question, indeed. Where there is so much smoke there is no doubt some fire, but unquestionably the doctor's public relations have deteriorated.

A recent press report tells of an English mother who came to America and found her daughter ill, without funds, and without medical care. She was told, according to the press, that she must raise $6 a day for her daughter's care, or buy a coffin.

Such a situation, if true, is of course bad. It would be an exceedingly rare and unusual physician who would assume such an attitude. But one such story can do irreparable damage to the entire profession.

How many needy patients were treated gratis during that same 24 hours, by thousands of American doctors, without the stories being published on the front page? Of course, that is not news; it is usual. Probably no other American citizens give as lavishly, as willingly, or as unquestioningly of their time, knowledge, skill—and themselves—as do the doctors.

These sacrifices are not made for purposes of publicity or to create a good impression. The deeds are done usually because the individual physician wants to do them and feels that it is his duty to do them, and considers it no one's business but his own.

One hears of doctors being abrupt, cross, or even rude to people who call by telephone. One hears also that they do not immediately run to make house calls when asked. Perhaps there are extenuating circumstances; since the doctor is just an average person and not a paragon of virtue, it is possible that he resents being called to the telephone several times during his evening meal by people who "didn't want to bother him at the office."

It may also irritate him to be called at night by someone who hasn't been feeling well for two or three days. (After a few sleepless hours, during which he worries over his condition, this character suddenly feels the need of immediate medical advice.)

Legitimate calls to see ill people do not upset doctors. It is the needless disturbance by thoughtless, selfish, and often hypochondriac patients that irritates them no end, and understandably so.

Many patients resent the doctor's leaving town on a brief pleasure trip, resent his attending social functions, resent his rule of not seeing patients in his office on Sunday other than for emergencies (after all, that is the most convenient time for them to see him!).

In many rural communities, the physician continues to be the sole guardian of health and the arbiter of community squabbles. In certain instances, decisions must be made which can mean the difference between life and death. Often, there is no one else to whom he may turn for aid or counsel.

American physicians are individualists, and most doctors would like to continue in this role. By the very nature of their makeup and training, such men resent the idea of regimentation. They would resent being told how many and whom they may treat. Increased cost of medical care is largely due to the same factors which have made food and automobiles and everything else more expensive.

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Unfortunately, physicians no longer seem to hold the hallowed position in the hearts of Americans that they once did. Perhaps all concerned are partly to blame. In their effort to become proficient in the field of modern scientific medicine, too many doctors have lost some of the art of practice which was old Doc Green's chief stock in trade.

Life's stream is flowing more swiftly nowadays and has caught both the patient and the doctor in its turbulent whirl. As a result, each of them has lost something in the way of human values. If everyone were to make a sincere attempt to become acquainted with his own medical adviser, he would find that doctors are people, too.

A President's Memory

THE STATE ELECTIONS were approaching. A young candidate for the legislature toured his district, seeking support of his friends. But it was harvest season, and farmers could not take time from their work to listen to speeches.

Determined to be heard, the candidate carried his campaign into the fields. So it was that he was chatting with a farmer one day when the dinner bell sounded. "Come up to the house," the farmer said. "We can talk while we're eating."

"No, thanks," the candidate said. "But let me have your scythe while you're gone; I'll mow 'round the field a couple of times."

When the farmer returned, he found three rows neatly mowed. The scythe lay against the gatepost, and the candidate was gone.

Years later, the farmer and his wife attended a White House reception. As they stood in line waiting to meet the President, an attendant approached.

"The President wishes to see you privately," he said. Surprised, the old couple followed him into a small parlor. In a few minutes the President entered, smiled, and greeted them by name. "You remember me after all these years?" the amazed farmer asked.

"Of course," said the President. "Don't you remember that I once mowed your field?"

"I remember, all right," said the farmer. "In fact, there's one thing I've always wanted to ask you about that."

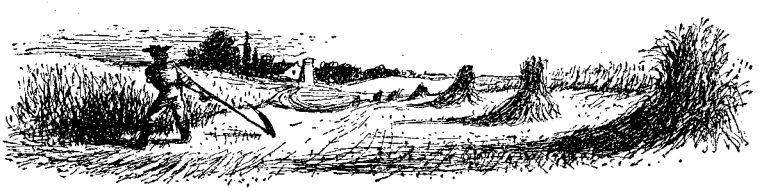
"What is it?" the Chief Executive asked, curious.

"Well, when I got back to the field, I found the scythe," said the farmer. "But what did you do with the whetstone?"

The President frowned, thought a moment, then a smile lighted his face. "I put the whetstone on top of the high gatepost," he said.

Back in Illinois, the farmer hurried to his fields, and there atop the post was the whetstone, exactly where Abraham Lincoln had placed it 25 years before.

—EDNA M. COLMAN (Adapted from *Seventy-five Years of White House Gossip.*)



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MUSIC against DEATH

by HUGH PRIOR

Here is the story of a nightmarish concert grimly played to save a woman's life

NIGHT, SULTRY AND SILENT, had lowered over the long, rambling farmhouse in Zululand. In a corner of the big living room, over which a hanging oil lamp threw a mellow light, the African settler's wife stood beside a piano, playing her violin.

She was alone. Her husband and his brother, the only other occupants of the house, tired after a long day in the open, were resting in their bedrooms.

The woman, following her nightly custom, had been playing for some time when she noticed a shadow moving back and forth across her music sheet. Absorbed in her playing, she gave the slight movement only casual attention. Still plying her bow, she slowly turned—to face, about three feet away, a huge, upreared black mamba, one of Africa's most deadly snakes!

Drawn by the music, it had found the open door of the living room and slithered along the carpeted floor, unheard by the violinist.

The sudden shock sent a violent quiver through the woman, and her bow shot across the strings with a discordant shriek. But she was a daughter of the veld, used to meeting emergencies without panic. In a few seconds she regained control and resumed her playing, for she knew what the consequences of stopping would be.

The slender, black column of death was erect on a flattened coil, on which mambas can rise up vertically and move with extraordinary agility. The upreared body was undulating sinuously, the evil head waving slowly to the rhythm of the violin's music.

The woman's reaction to the stinging shock, instead of numbing her brain, set it working with intense clarity. Flight, she quickly

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realized, was out of the question; nor did she dare scream for help. Above all, she must keep playing. So, literally holding death at bay with her bow, she began to figure a way of escape.

She soon saw that her only hope was the open door—if her grisly companion would make the journey across the room with her. If she could reach it, she might be able to grasp the door, spring out, and swing it shut in time to trap the huge snake inside. There would be grave danger in the attempt, however, for if the mamba refused to follow her, it might strike in anger at her movement.

First she had to reverse their positions, for the mamba was between her and the door, diagonally across the room from the piano. Edging sideways in a curve, she slowly circled around the snake. It did not seem to mind her movement, but turned with her. She took a couple of tentative backward steps. The reptile followed, seemingly determined that the distance between it and the mesmeric instrument should not be lengthened.

The journey to the door had to be a winding, zigzag course, for the big room was cluttered with massive furniture, the kind popular with Dutch settlers. Every step, of course, had to be backward. The woman had to keep the music flowing, while she jerked her head around every few feet, to avoid the furniture and give the slithering snake as much clear space as possible.

At last the weird procession approached the door, and a swift, backward glance showed the woman her plan could not be carried out. The door was flat against the wall. To swing it around without hitting the snake would be impossible.

The door opened on a covered back veranda, which ran the length of the house. At either end stood a structure common in South African houses, a sort of round tower called a rondawel. The farther one was her brother-in-law's bedroom. The room where her husband was resting was halfway along the veranda.

Now almost in despair, the woman halted; so did the mamba. She stood still, playing mechanically, weighing the chances for herself, the risk to her menfolk, if she led the mamba out to the dark veranda and tried to attract the attention of one or both men.

There was no alternative. Nor was there time to waste in hesitation. So she began the journey that could not have a foreseeable end.

WITH HER FIRST backward step came another shock. Her bare, moving bow arm brought up against a cold something behind her. There was no volition in her swift movement as she swung around; nor could she suppress a cry. For the cold thing her arm had touched was the mamba's mate.

In her distraught state, she had forgotten that mambas often travel in pairs. Her bow slid from the strings as she almost jumped back several feet. The mambas, sliding close together, as hastily followed, barring her way to the veranda.

The sudden, heavy silence and the ominous stillness of the mambas helped the anguished woman to shake off the temporary paralysis that held her arm motionless, and the music flowed again.

Caught in a long, narrow space

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between the wall and the crowding furniture, she had no room to maneuver around the snakes and reach the doorway again. The only place with enough open space for a turning movement was beside the piano. She must lead the mambas there, turn them, and back once more towards the door.

This time the diagonal, zigzag journey across the room was slower, with the two mambas to pilot. But the double trip was accomplished without mishap, and once more the woman reached the open doorway, and backed through it.

The veranda was in almost complete darkness. There were several chairs there, always kept against the wall when not in use. She would have a clear passage, but not the mambas, traveling abreast. There was a very real danger that the obstructing chairs might anger them, and break the spell of the music.

A quick glance showed her that light was shining through the open door of the farther rondawel. Her brother-in-law would be lying on his bed, peacefully reading, all unaware of the horror creeping along the veranda. He would be sure to investigate her extraordinary action in coming out to play in the dark, yet she could give him no intelligible warning until she drew close to his door. She could only hope that he would not bring disaster by an abrupt emergence.

No light was showing in the room in which her husband was resting, and the door was shut. Most likely he was asleep. As she passed the door rather fearfully, she increased the pitch of her music, but no call came out to her. She and her deadly followers went on. She could not see them, but she could hear, above the music, their sinister slithering on the bare veranda.

Most perplexing was the silence in the rondawel. Had the boy gone out? Or was he, too, asleep? In either case there was hideous danger. But whatever was to happen, she had no choice but to go on.

As she backed through the doorway, a glance over her shoulder showed the young man sprawled on the bed, asleep. The book he had been reading lay on his breast. Scarcely aware of what she was doing, she moved on, towards the bed.

In many South African farmhouses, beds do not touch walls—a precaution taken to keep small snakes from wriggling up between bed and wall. In this case the young man's bed was three or four feet from the rondawel's circular wall. Since she had to keep moving, that space enabled her to back completely around the bed and gave the mambas room to follow.

The second time around, she lifted her bow from the strings for a couple of seconds and lightly touched the sleeper with it. There was no response. The boy's sleep was too deep, and it was probably made deeper by the soothing music.

Instinctively the woman kept up the macabre parade around and around the bed—for how many times she never knew. She was no longer capable of anything resembling clear thinking, but some deep reserve of strength kept her weary arm in motion, and death at bay.

Meanwhile the husband, whose sleep had not been as deep as that of his young brother, stirred. Half awake, he slowly became aware of something strange about his wife's

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playing. He sat up, listened to its odd monotony, then realized where it was coming from. Something was wrong. He got up and noiselessly opened the door.

Moving, with the veldman's caution, on slippered feet along the veranda, he crept to the door of the rondawel. There he stood, frozen, staring at the terrible tableau within.

Puzzled at first, it was not until he watched his wife make a complete round of the bed, and begin another, that he realized what she was doing. Then he saw where lay his only chance of saving the two menaced lives.

Silently he padded back to the room, picked up a shotgun, and returned to the rondawel. Kneeling on one knee, he leveled his barrel at the farther corner of the bed's foot —the only spot where he could hit the heads of the mambas without also hitting his wife—and waited.

The player reached the spot, and turned. She was three feet or more past the corner when the mambas reached it together, and drew in line with his gun. But he could not fire, for the two moving heads were not waving in unison. He could be sure of getting only one. And unless he got both with the same shot, his wife's death was certain.

The next turn was no better—a wide space separated the two slowly waving heads. Four more times the nightmare parade turned the bed, and still the frantic husband could not use his gun.

On the fifth turn the heads waved together, offering a perfect target. The man's finger tightened on the trigger and a storm of shot sleeted across the room. The heads of the two snakes vanished, as if sliced off by an axe.

At the thunderous roar of the gun, the woman's violin flew from her hand. As if the shot had torn into her body, she slumped to the floor.

Dropping his gun, the husband rushed into the room. It took him only seconds to reach his wife, but when he did, he found one of the headless mambas tightly coiled around her body. Before she recovered consciousness, he was able to tear the grisly coils away.

Something to Think About

"WHILE LISTENING to a little piece of gossip one day, I fell to wondering. Suppose two people each repeated some gossip to two friends within 15 minutes of the time they heard it. That makes four. Now—suppose within the next 15 minutes each of these four repeated the same gossip to two more persons—and so on. My question is this—how long would it be before everybody in the world heard that gossip?"

Here's the answer: "If each person who heard the gossip told it to two persons—and in each case, within 15 minutes—it would take only seven hours and 45 minutes for everybody in the world to hear the gossip."

—LETTER TO "THE ANSWER MAN"

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Keep Those Indians Out!

by CHANNING POLLOCK

Man's great need today is for the peace and quiet and comfort of his own "stockade"

WHEN I WAS a child, I invented a kind of game of which no one knew but myself. The world—my small-boy world—was a great forest, populated by murderous Indians. My room was a stockade. The staircase and the hall were extra-hazardous places, but once I had negotiated them, darted into my tiny room, and bolted the door, the Indians were shut out.

Growing up, I ascribed my passionate desire for a home to this game. "What I really want is another stockade," I admitted to myself. Gradually, I have discovered that this is what almost every living creature wants. It is and always has been the driving force behind civilization. Only when men turn to shelter and security does order begin to be established in their corner of the universe.

The woods have always been full of Indians, and, as we and the world grow older, our need of a haven seems to increase. We go out to meet and fight them in the morning, but when evening comes we want peace and rest. Suddenly, the streets are full of refugees; tired armies swarm through tunnels, and across bridges and ferries, back to barracks and barricades.

Up countless stairs they tramp, into thousands of little cages that lift them away from the din of battle. Millions of keys turn in millions of locks, millions of doors close behind us, millions of voices cry, "Here I am, dear; home at last," and the Indians are shut out.

Most men, I think, like to hear the latch click and know they're in for the night. Here, and here only, they can be entirely them-

From *The Adventures of a Happy Man*, by Channing Pollock. Copyright 1939, 1945, by the author, and published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 432 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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selves, surrounded by familiar faces and familiar things, safe against invasion of mind and soul.

We no longer need to pretend; to sit straight, to make conversation, to hope no one noticed our weariness. We drop back into the blessed commonplace, as we drop back into the old easy chair. The light of the reading lamp falls over our shoulder; books and pipes and matches are at hand; from across the hall, we hear the soft voice we've heard these many years, bidding good-night to Johnny or Jane, and wait in the consciousness that she'll be in any minute, to talk of the comfortable, unimportant things.

THE INDIANS are of so many tribes; they become more persistent and frightening as our civilization grows more complicated. There is Big Chief Nothing-in-the-Bean, who keeps you listening to stale stories and predigested opinions, and the stout squaw of Man-Afraid-to-be-Alone-with-Himself, who wants to play bridge or drag you off to a party. There is Little-Bear-with-No-Tree-of-Her-Own, otherwise Aunt Caroline, who comes once a year and would stay until time to come next year, if you'd let her.

There are the new Indians who break into the stockade by telephone, radio, and television, and the old, old Indians called Worry and Want and Illness. These last it is who make us feel home to be "a place to live and love in for a day, with darkness and the death hour rounding it."

They are primitive instincts and virtues, those bound up with the stockade, but it is interesting to reflect how much they have to do with what is best and most enduring in our civilization. Something started going wrong with that when the stockade began to give way to the bivouac—a place for the night or month or year. Our responsibilities lessened; our concern with the community was less fixed.

Apartments are strange, constricted, impersonal things, in which there is no past to live up to, and no future to be planned. Once we got used to them, they began shrinking. The nursery disappeared, and the guest chamber; and the dining room became only half a room, or a breakfast alcove. There was no space for children or friends; the home became a place to wash our faces, or shake a cocktail on the way from the office to the nearest night club. The Indians were never shut out; we moved from one snake dance to another, and retired into the tepee only for sleep.

Consider the implications of our "modern" life—of the small flat, with three delicatessen shops and at least that many restaurants on every block. What is the man fighting for; what is the woman hoping for; what are the children—if any—living for? Where is that foot on the ground which the French rightly regard as an essential of existence?

Every race that has emerged from barbarism has shared this feeling for "a bit of soil of our own" that gives us lasting dignity. And isn't the first thing we do with that "soil of our own" to surround it with a moat, or a fence, or perhaps only a neatly clipped hedge?

Where else can one find this kind of refuge? It is a curious and interesting reflection that, out of the millions of miles that make up this

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planet, each of us can manage only a few square feet in which to be alone. And all of us who are not madmen want to be—must be—alone, sometimes; alone to look into ourselves, alone with our thoughts, our hurts, or our weariness; above all, alone with those we love.

All this, I believe, is as true of the cocktail partiers and bridge players and indefatigable diners-out as of old fogies like me. It is certainly true of the husbands. How many tired men have I seen dragged into the open of evenings whose eyes betray their longing to dart back into the stockade? How many wild summer husbands, whose wives have gone to the country, leaving them to celebrate—how many of these have I found boiling an egg for dinner, and stretching out for an evening with a book?

The world over, excitement is an overrated commodity. Only in the big cities, and in narrow sections of these, do we find the home that is merely a jumping-off place. Where life is still sane, and solid, and substantial; where America does its thinking, and plowing, and building; where dwell the men and women who are its lifeblood, the Indians are forever shut out.

Motor over long miles of country road, and see the quiet lights glowing behind drawn shades. Walk through the streets of the village or town, and peer enviously through windows into warmly lit drawing rooms, with the family reading about the table. Or, if you'll be silent and invisible, you may filter through the closed door into my own stockade.

The other side of that door, I can hear my wife moving about quietly. From the kitchen comes a familiar fragrance. There is the wash of the sea at the foot of my cliff, and the wind in the pine trees we planted 30 years ago. Already, the chipmunks are busy carrying wild cherry pits to *their* stockades.

Corn and potatoes are ripe in the neighboring fields; there is water and wine, and coal and wood, and warm clothing, and rows of books. We can hold out for years if the siege comes. Peace and love and contentment are all about us.

The Indians of my small-boy world no longer frighten me. God's in His heaven and I'm in my home.

Red Ribs

COMMUNISM is the shortest route from the cradle to the grave.—*Quote*

IT HAS FINALLY been determined what is meant by the hammer and sickle on the Russian flag. The sickle is to mow 'em down and the hammer is to keep 'em that way. —*Viking Vacuum*

EVERYBODY IS interested in the possibilities of color television except the Soviets—they're still trying to prove that black is white.—BOB HOPE

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THE NIGHT THE CAPTAIN DIED

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

ASK OLD-TIMERS on the Seattle waterfront about the *S.S. Humboldt* and their eyes will brighten. For the *Humboldt* was a beloved craft from the time she was built in 1899 until 1933, when she was retired from the Seattle-Alaska run.

Of all who had sailed on the *Humboldt*, none knew her better or loved her more deeply than Capt. Elijah G. Baughman, her skipper. Woe to the sailor who failed to keep the ship gleaming and spotless, for it was Baughman's proud boast that she was "trim as a yacht."

Grizzled sourdoughs from Alaska looked on the *Humboldt* with special affection. Storm or ice rarely kept the sturdy ship from her sailings. Hundreds of millions in gold were transported safely to Seattle banks by the dependable vessel.

Then, in 1933, waterfront veterans gathered for a sad good-bye to the *Humboldt*. She had been overshadowed by newer, faster ships.

Of all who said good-bye, none had such deep emotions as Captain Baughman. The ship had been a treasured part of him. Now it was destined for the San Diego ship graveyard. The sea lost its charm for the skipper and he retired soon afterward. On August 8, 1935, he died in San Francisco.

That night, the Coast Guard cutter *Tamaroa* nosed into San Diego bay. The lookout gave no thought to the old ship graveyard, for these tired mares of the sea had always grazed peacefully in the bay.

But this night he shouted a warning, for a ghostly ship was approaching, one eerie light winking in its rigging. Outward-bound, the spectral ship answered no challenge as the cutter veered away. A puzzled crew boarded the ship and found it deserted, dragging anchor and heading out to sea.

The ship was the *Humboldt*, and though there wasn't a soul aboard, the unmanned wheel in the empty pilothouse kept the ship on a true course for the channel—guided, some believed, by Capt. Elijah Baughman, who had died that night pining for his old command!

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AMERICAN ATHLETES ARE Sissies

by DON IDDON

(*Chief U. S. Correspondent for the London* Daily Mail)

A noted British writer airs his views about our "soft and synthetic" sports

THERE IS NOTHING wrong with American sport that a little corporal punishment won't cure. But the chastisement should take place not behind the woodshed but in full view of the public in some stadium, preferably the one at Wembley in London.

As a British correspondent in the U.S., I have watched pampering and effeminacy creep into your ball parks and football grounds. The colossal cult of the American "Mom" and her mawkish devotion to her "boys" are sapping the fiber of the American athlete.

Almost everyone is saying that there is something rotten in American sport when basketball college players are found guilty of accepting bribes wholesale, and football-playing cadets at exalted West Point admit cheating at examinations. The British point of view is merely that your sports have gone soft.

The American athlete has become the spoiled brat of the New World, cuddled and coddled, pampered and petted. Too much money, either in salary or expenses, or both, and too much adulation are lavished on him. He has become a prince of privilege in the thriving Republic.

By contrast, in Britain the athlete remains a working bloke like the rest of the British. He receives no great sums of money for playing, no special perquisites, no fancy fees for radio and television appearances. He is not allowed to accept gifts. And he has never been known to accept a bribe.

British sports are tough, British sportsmen are tougher—probably because British sport is more adult. It is my belief that almost every major American sport derives from English children's games.

In England we call baseball "rounders" and it is played only by toddlers and young girls. Basketball is "net ball" in our language, and strictly for girls and infants. Bowling is "skittles," a juvenile or senile diversion in our islands. And

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as for ice hockey, allegedly the toughest of sports, this was adapted from English field hockey, the national sport of British schoolgirls.

At the risk of offending, I have to tell you that whenever an American newsreel showing American football players in their outlandish padded costumes and helmets appears on an English screen, the audience hoots with laughter. Why the armor plate? The crash helmet? The shoulder and knee pads?

We play a type of football similar to yours. In Britain it is called Rugby and it is a rugged game. No one ever wears any padding or a helmet, and it is even considered affected to put on a pair of shin guards or ear protectors. The current crop of Rugby players troop on the field and stay there (there are no substitutes), wearing a pair of studded shoes, stockings, pants, and a jersey. And that is all.

The American practice of substitutions—the incredible platoon system in football is the worst example—has little relation to sport. To replace a man because he is playing badly, or even when he is injured, would be unthinkable in Britain. The basic appeal in sport should be the sense of contest and of hazard. A team fighting with its back to the wall, perhaps short two men and with another injured, is a gallant and inspiring spectacle.

Such spectacles are common on the Rugby and soccer grounds of Britain. For a coach or manager to be able to remove a man at whim is a practice from which the British would recoil. The only time a football player, or a cricket player for that matter, is ever ordered from the field, is when he is offensive to the referee or umpire. Sometimes, of course, a player is compelled to leave the playing field because of an injury, but then he is carried out on a stretcher.

British football players have been known to carry on in many games with broken collar bones, sprained ankles, and torn cartilages. What we do is put the injured player "on the wing," where he is least likely to sustain further injury.

In recent years the British athlete has been on an austerity diet like the rest of his countrymen. While your players have been fed meat, cream, and butter, ours have nibbled at synthetic sausage, bits of vegetables, indigestible pigeon, rabbit, and a monotonous diet of fish. Fair food shares for all? Not in international sport.

Many times your athletes, particularly your golfers, have gone over to England and Scotland laden with steaks and food parcels. They have eaten the best while our men have fed on food which the average American dog might spurn. Perhaps we should not complain. This enforced Spartan diet may be one of the reasons why British athletes are tougher than American.

IT SEEMS TO ME that the strangest phenomenon in American sports is the coach. Apparently he is regarded as a combination of elder statesman, father confessor, and mother superior. From what I hear and see, he is also the mastermind, a repository of all the talents. I have seen him as the inspired orator, haranguing the cowed team in the dressing room, admonishing, gesticulating, sweeping from stanza to stanza until the eloquent climax

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with finger pointed to the field, the "go in to win for dear old ———."

We have, of course, coaches in British sports, but the man's position is not one of great power. The key man is the captain of the team, who takes the field himself. Once on the field the team is on its own. There are no orders shouted from the touch line or bench. The captain is in charge and what he says goes. And if he has a bad day and his direction is incompetent, then it is just too bad for himself and for the team.

Managers of teams give guidance and help during the days before the match, but their role is mainly administrative. The great emphasis in all British sports is on team spirit. There is an old British bromide—"the game's the thing"—and it is considered more important to play a good and fair game than to win it.

We do not pamper our players. The stars of a football team or cricket team, if they are professionals, receive no more money than a mediocre member of the team. Before the war a player in a first-division team received eight guineas a week (at that time around $33) and a bonus of one guinea for a tie and two for a win. Today, the basic salary is 15 pounds (around $42).

Even Alex James, the wonder player, whose appearance in a game added 15,000 to the gate, was paid the same salary as any raw newcomer. James earned a little on the side, writing newspaper articles and endorsing advertised products, but he never received fabulous sums on the Babe Ruth or DiMaggio scale.

Temperament and temper are not tolerated in British sports. A couple of years ago, a major-league soccer team paid a fabulous sum for an international player. Soon afterwards, the man had an argument with the referee and was ordered off the field, and his team played the rest of the game one man short.

The international player never played on that British team again. He was traded to a minor team for almost nothing, and although his genius as a soccer player was recognized everywhere, no major club has ever tried to buy him. If you don't have the guts to play according to the rules, you have no place in English sport.

Arguing with the referee or players on the other side is the worst possible sign of weakness. Once in a cricket Test Match between England and Australia in Australia, Denis Compton, the English star, was given "out" by the umpire when Compton himself was certain it was an unfair decision. He said nothing, but looked long at the umpire before walking off the field.

This annoyed the crowd. His "bad sportsmanship" was criticized furiously in the Australian papers, and he later apologized.

Incidentally, Compton has not only played for England's cricket team as batter and bowler, but has also played soccer for England. He is one of the most versatile internationals ever bred. Willie Watson has also played for England at both soccer and cricket.

Dr. Kevin O'Flanagan, amateur soccer center-forward who plays as an amateur for the professional London club Brentford, has also played for Ireland both at soccer and rugger, and is a scratch man at golf. It is unfortunate that the American

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sport has become the victim of specialization. Baseball players, encased in cotton wool, have become ultra-specialists. I understand Babe Ruth began as a pitcher; then, when his batting talents were discovered, he abandoned pitching forever. Where are America's Comptons, Watsons, and O'Flanagans?

Perhaps they are somewhere among the cheerleaders drilling and conducting the college crowds. Why do college crowds need such artificial stimulus? Cheers should come from the heart. The mechanical puppet show put on by the boys and girls in the university stadia is just another illustration of the synthetic and the softness in American sports.

Wrestling is not the most exalted of sports, but I think the British version can be rated higher than the American. Who is the best-known wrestler in America? Gorgeous George! This chromium-blond and hothouse orchid is the biggest draw in the wrestling industry. I know of no similar sawdust exquisite in British rings. And your George is not the only American wrestler who features eccentricity.

There is one man now making the rounds who enters the ring wearing a Cardinal Richelieu robe and delicately pressing a rose to his nostrils. Before he starts the bout he flings the rose with an elegant gesture into the crowd. There is another wrestler billed as "Nature Boy," who has long platinum hair and enters the ring with a "slave girl" acting as second. There is also a character who calls himself Lord Carlton of England. He is about as English as a hot dog. The monocle is a phony, the "bai jove" is from Brooklyn.

What about boxing? Well, your men train on steaks and roasts and limitless butter and eggs, while ours train on fish and chips, margarine, and limitless austerity. But I won't say much about boxing. Randy Turpin has said it for me in London and in New York. Ask Sugar Ray Robinson . . .

On the Crime Front

"I'M SORRY to tell you that you'll be a widow soon," said the fortune-teller shaking her head. "Your husband is going to die a violent death."

"Will I be acquitted?" asked her client eagerly. —CHICAGO *Tribune*

"DID YOU GIVE the prisoner a good going over?" asked the sheriff.

"We sure did," replied the deputy. "We browbeat him, badgered him, and asked him every question that we could possibly think of."

"And what did he do?"

"He merely dozed off, mumbling: 'Yes, dear, you are perfectly right.' " —AREJAS VITKAUSAS

"DON'T BE AFRAID," said the handsome burglar to the young widow. "It's not you I'm after. I only want your money."

"Oh, go away!" she exclaimed petulantly. "You're just like all the other men!" —*Cape Argus*

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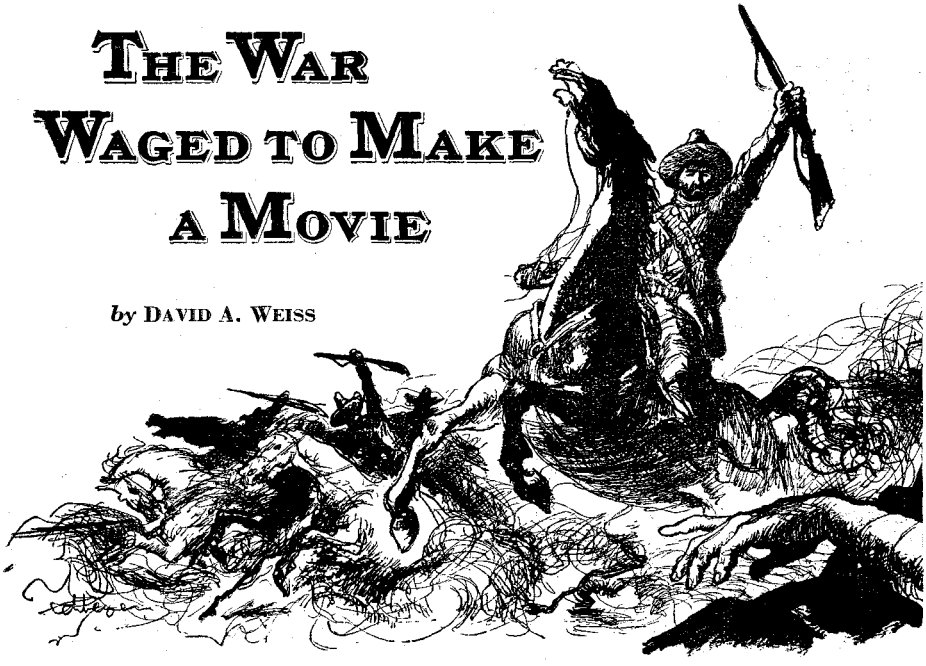
The War Waged to Make a Movie

by David A. Weiss



How Mexico's fabulous Pancho Villa fitted his revolution to a picture schedule

When Harry E. Aitken, president of the Mutual Film Corporation, read his mail one morning in January, 1914, his hand automatically reached for the telephone. A dispatch from the company's agent in El Paso, Texas, said the notorious Mexican bandit general, Pancho Villa, wanted to sell the movie rights to the revolution he was fighting.

Villa's hulking figure had caught the front pages of every newspaper. Galloping down from his Chihuahua hills, his dirty khaki tunic flapping in the wind, he had become the symbol of the revolution—Mexico's Man of the Hour. Peasants by the thousands were streaming in to join his armies. Garrison after garrison of Federal troops were falling before their vicious onslaughts.

Sweeping across northern Mexico with his ruffians, Pancho remembered the "moving movies" he had seen in El Paso. What a way to tell the world about this war he was winning! And besides, might not a film on his life attract a few gringo dollars across the border?

Only a few years before, everyone had thought the blustering Villa just another bandit for the *rurales* to chase into the hills. But Mexico soon learned this Pancho was different. Shopkeepers in northern Mexico blamed every robbery on his broad shoulders. Newspaper correspondents traveled far to look at his specially equipped private train.

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As the peons told their children, who else but the fearless Pancho could make up a government for 400,000 Chihuahuans right out of his head? He was a "Friend of the Poor," their Robin Hood. When they needed grain, Pancho seized granaries and divided up the sacks. When they ran short of pesos, Pancho printed up some of his own.

He may not have been able to read until he was 35 years old, but he saw a good thing in a motion picture. Americans could now glimpse him in something besides those baggy pants and khaki tunic. He'd show them his silver-trimmed sombreros, his Spanish leather boots. He'd show the hundred adobe schoolhouses he had dedicated, the black-haired children whose heads he patted. No longer would gringos like Theodore Roosevelt call him an immoral bandit chief. Sure, he had dozens of women, but what was so wrong about that? As he would say, "There isn't a one I wouldn't marry!"

On January 3, 1914, Frank M. Thayer, a Mutual representative, crossed the Rio Grande to have a talk with Villa. They met in a hotel in Juarez. Villa lumbered in on the heels of several snappily dressed artillery officers; two huge pistols bulged from his pockets. Slouching over the table, he listened to the words of his interpreter.

"We'll give you $25,000 and a percentage of the film's profits," Thayer said, shoving a contract across the table. "All you have to do is fight your battles in the daytime so they can be photographed. Between 9 A.M. and 4 P.M."

Villa tugged at his black moustache. Then he sprang up and spat on the floor. "I agree. No night attacks!" he bellowed, reaching for the contract.

Thus began the first—and only—war in history co-ordinated with a movie shooting schedule. Down into Mexico, Mutual rolled a special railroad car, complete with darkroom and photographic equipment.

NO OTHER GENERAL but Pancho ever had a film contract to worry about besides the enemy. But he proved equal to the challenge. Many times his officers implored him: "Now is a good time to strike at night." Each time Villa's answer was an emphatic no. "This war we fight for the moving pictures."

Once, when Federal forces were

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reeling back in confusion, Pancho let them get away unmolested. "The sun is setting," he told his officers. "The pursuit we postpone until tomorrow morning."

By mid-January his armies started moving in on Ojinaga, only Federal stronghold remaining in the north. Galloping along the dusty roads were his magnificent cavalry (The Golden Ones). Rolling behind on flatcars through the mesquite country were his ragged, lighthearted infantry.

In sight of Ojinaga's adobe buildings, artillery officers wheeled their pieces into position. Along the front, *soldados* started checking their rifles. Villa sat in his headquarters tent, slouched over his maps. A lieutenant rushed in breathlessly. "Everything's ready, General!"

"We wait," said Pancho softly. "The movie cameras are not yet in position!"

And for two hours the army waited until L. M. Burrud, Mutual's ace cameraman, gave the signal. Only then did the General order his horse. "On to Ojinaga!" he roared. After a short battle, Villa's victory was recorded on film.

After the fall of Ojinaga, Burrud sat in on Villa's staff conferences. Many times he would point out that the tactics proposed wouldn't suit the cameras. Each time Villa ordered the plans changed.

Once, when Villa's armies lay in wait for a Federal cavalry charge, Burrud actually became commanding officer. The soldiers had set up machine guns behind barricades and were aiming at the spot the Federals were expected to charge.

"General Villa," Burrud rushed up to explain, "if you fire then, I won't get any decent shots. The range of your guns is greater than that of my cameras."

"*Caramba*, you're right!" Villa muttered. Lumbering down the firing line, he ordered, "Don't fire until the cameraman gives the signal." Then, turning toward Burrud, he snorted: "You see, Pancho Villa keeps his word!"

One bright morning he informed the Mutual staff: "That shelling barrage you asked for—you'll get it today." During the night the General had ordered his artillery trained on a nearby hill. "A Federal outpost," Villa explained.

As soon as the cameras were set, the firing order barked down the line. Field pieces smoked and shells blasted the enemy, entrenched on the side of the hill. Bodies could be seen hurtling skyward.

"They're our best shots yet," a Mutual technician explained, rushing out of the darkroom with developed film. Only later did one of the natives tell the story that Villa had ordered the encampment of war prisoners on that hill.

AS THINGS TURNED OUT, the fearless Pancho soon became a camera hog. He wanted more shots of himself than of his armies. Every time he changed his uniform, he sent for a cameraman to take his picture.

Burrud decided to do something about it. Called before breakfast one morning, he made up his mind to fool Pancho. "Stand here," he told the grinning Villa. Then he went through the motions of loading and focusing his camera.

"This time I foxed him," Burrud winked at an assistant. "I was cranking an empty camera."

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Unfortunately a Mexican standing nearby understood English. That very night Burrud was hustled over the border. "If you weren't an American," Villa screamed, "I would have stood you up against the nearest wall!"

The cans with the celluloid record of Villa's war streamed into Mutual's New York office throughout January. By the end of the month, Mutual spliced the reels together and held a screening. But when the overhead lights switched on, the disappointed faces of the audience told Mutual what it had already suspected. Their film hadn't turned out very well. There were too many shots of Villa and not enough of his armies. The war needed to be refought—with a director and a scenario.

In March, 1914, Harry Aitken crossed the Rio Grande. Bluntly telling the rebel General, "The film's no good," he added that Mutual was willing to try once more. Villa's crestfallen face brightened. "You'll see," he said, "I'll give you a better war this time!"

A New York scenario in hand, Mutual again rolled their private railroad car into Mexico. But some close-ups of the *soldados* and a few shots of the countryside were all they wanted. The rest was added in Los Angeles under the supervision of D. W. Griffith. Even with Griffith's masterful hand, however, *The Life of Villa* proved a dud at the box office. Not only that, but Mutual's stockholders began arguing about who owned the negative, and in the midst of their wrangling it disappeared, never to be found again. Not until 20 years later did Pancho Villa appear on the screen again—with Wallace Beery playing the title role.

But the real Villa got to Mexico City. In a new uniform emblazoned with his eagle-and-serpent insignia, he sat proudly in the President's chair beside Emiliano Zapata, rebel leader from the south. But only for a few months. The citizenry soon tired of the extra-amorous Villa and his unruly *soldados*. By 1915, Generals Obregon and Carranza, his former allies, sent him scurrying back to the Chihuahua hills.

In one last attempt at glory, Villa raided American towns across the New Mexican border, hoping to entangle the U. S. in a war with the Carranza government. The 12,000 troops that President Wilson sent under General Pershing to get the bandit "dead or alive" returned empty-handed. Pancho ended up on a beautiful hacienda. Here he lived peaceably until 1923, when assassins ambushed his car and pumped his body full of lead.

At Ease

THE SWEET YOUNG THING grabbed a taxi and said to the driver: "To the maternity hospital, but you don't have to rush. I only work there." —*Wall Street Journal*

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LETTERS OF GUILT

by JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

But for one slight slip, the perfect butler might have committed the perfect crime

UNTIL HE DEVELOPED a surprising flaw, John Morcischek was that jewel beyond price—the perfect butler. His employer, the socially prominent Mrs. Henrietta M. Bugher of Washington, D.C., prized him above any of the fabulous gems in her jewel case. And did so with good reason.

Morcischek was a genius at running a household, at resolving embarrassing situations, at arranging a dinner party. Furthermore, his honesty and intelligence were unquestioned. Then, suddenly and inexplicably, John Morcischek made up his mind to acquire quick wealth and lead a life of luxury like those he served—in a word, to steal his employer's jewels, and do a perfect job of it.

To be sure, the great apartment house on Massachusetts Avenue was equipped with burglar alarms, and the jewels, worth several hundred thousand dollars, were kept in a locked closet off the library. But Morcischek did not consider these real obstacles to his carefully worked-out plans. All he needed, he figured, was to be left alone in the apartment for an hour or so.

The opportunity came in January. Morcischek did not tamper with the lock on the closet: he was too clever for that. Instead, with a screwdriver he pried out the pins from the door's hinges until it was held up to the jamb only by the bolt on the other side. Slowly, cautiously, to avoid pulling the bolt out of place, he eased the door open *on the hinge side*, slipped through the opening, and removed the jewels.

Then he replaced the door and the hinge pins, wrapped the jewels, and hurriedly addressed the package to a friend named Hansen who lived in a shabby East Side apartment house in New York City, with instructions to hold the package unopened until he came for it.

The characteristic imperturbability of first-class butlers carried Morcischek through the police questioning that followed discovery of the theft. He insisted that he hadn't the slightest idea where his mistress kept the key to the closet (which was true) and even intimated that he intended seeking employment elsewhere, as he could not possibly remain longer in a home where his honor had been impugned.

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Meanwhile, in New York, the postman delivered a package to the ten-year-old daughter of a furniture mover living in the East Side apartment house. The girl's father almost collapsed when he returned from work that evening and saw the rings, bracelets, pendants, and other treasures inside.

Certain that no one would send him such a present, he turned the jewels over to the police. They were promptly identified as Mrs. Bugher's—and in a matter of hours, Morcischek, to his amazement, was charged with the theft.

This time, faced with the information police had been able to gather, the butler confessed, cursing himself for a trivial oversight which would mean years in prison instead of luxurious years of leisure.

For Hanlon, the furniture mover, lived in the same building as Hansen, Morcischek's friend. And in hurriedly addressing the package, Morcischek had scrawled an "se" that looked for all the world like "lo."

The Great Clock of Berne

THE STRIKING of the hour in Berne, Switzerland, takes four minutes on the 400-year-old timepiece on the great Clock Tower. As has happened more than 3,500,000 times down the centuries, at three minutes to the hour a large, gaily colored cock flaps his wings, opens his beak, and crows, his voice coming from bellows worked by a ten-pound stone attached to the clock's mechanism—the *original* mechanism which still today needs only an occasional oiling to keep it functioning.

Two minutes later, a red-costumed jester seated in a niche wriggles his body, thus ringing a pair of bells suspended above his head. Simultaneously a group of marching bears, the symbol of Berne, parade from inside the Clock Tower led by a drummer and piper, the first bear turning his head to make sure the others are following.

The rooster crows again, a bearded King of Time inverts an hourglass in his right hand, then a nine-foot knight in golden armor strikes the great bell with a hammer to toll the hour, swinging more slowly on his last stroke as though the effort has tired him, while the King of Time counts the strokes by opening and closing his mouth and waving a scepter. The rooster crows a third time—and another hour is past.

Four years in the making, Berne's horological wonder became part of the Clock Tower in 1530. Surprisingly enough, its master craftsman was a local blacksmith named Caspar Brunner, who never made another clock and received only the equivalent of $1,000 for his one creation.

Once, in 1712, the clock stopped, but was immediately repaired by a nearby farmer who was considered handy with tools. There's been no trouble since.

For reasons not quite clear to the unmechanical mind, the 50-pound second hand moves only 40 times each minute—yet keeps perfect time.

—HENRY LEE

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Picture Story

TEDDY ROOSEVELT: A GREAT AMERICAN

Illustrated by PAUL NONNAST

HIS NAME WAS Theodore Roosevelt and he became the 26th President of the United States. But Cabinet officials and working men alike called him Teddy, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world. In South America, they said, "He belongs to no country; he belongs to the world." In Europe, they said, "Roosevelt *is* the United States, the greatest of a great land." And from Oyster Bay on Long Island to Khartoum in Africa, men and women cheered wildly whenever they caught a glimpse of that toothy grin, that galvanic figure. He could be a determined fighter, yet he had a boundless compassion for all humanity. He was a thoughtful man, yet his effervescent enthusiasm for the great adventure of life was epidemic and, with T. R. to show the way, this nation achieved the greatness ordained by its founders a century before. He was a man who happens to a country only once in a lifetime, and he left an inspiring heritage of patriotism, perseverance, and justice upon which future leaders will build for years to come.

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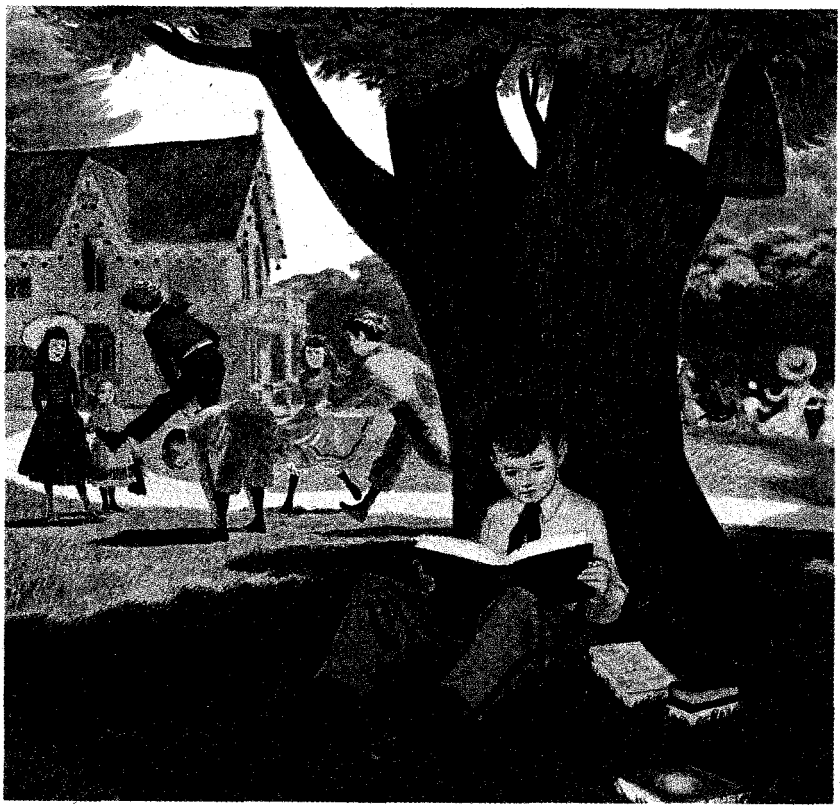

In October, 1858, Lincoln and Douglas held their last debate. A man named Ulysses Grant, having sold his farm, was doing odd jobs. On the 27th of October, in the brownstone that still stands at 28 East 20th Street in New York, Theodore Roosevelt beamed as he told callers that his newborn son would, of course, be named after him. Teedie, as the boy quickly came to be called, grew to frail boyhood, wracked by painful asthma. While his brother and sisters played outdoors, he found solace in studying insects and birds; he was resolved to become a naturalist. Then, one day, weakness exposed his pride to a shattering blow. He was in a stagecoach with four boys who found in young Roosevelt a perfect butt for their pranks. Teedie tried to fight—and suffered the crowning indignity: any one of them could hold him off without deigning to strike a blow. Bitterly he remembered the words of his father—"You have the mind but not the body"—and resolved that he would soon have both. And he did.

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ON A HAPPY FALL morning in 1880, T. R. was married to the hauntingly beautiful Alice Lee. At 23, he was elected to the New York Assembly. Destiny, it seemed, had offered him its brightest face. Then tragedy struck: within a few terrible hours, his beloved mother and his young bride were dead of fever. The indomitable Roosevelt spirit sagged under the double blow. "The light has gone from my life," he said, and fled to a place where loneliness was made bearable by necessity—the Dakota Bad Lands. Here he had tested his new-found vigor a year before. Old-timers who had come to snicker at the Harvard dude stayed to admire his coolness in the face of a wounded buffalo, his tenacity on a bucking pony. Rough men they were, but they knew courage when they saw it. The Easterner became their friend. Now, in his most trying hour, T. R. returned to the Bad Lands. He bought a herd of cattle and built a house. He was learning a vital truth: "Black care rarely sits behind the rider whose pace is fast enough."

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In a series of appointive posts, T. R.'s vigor had machine politicians shuddering at what might happen should "that madman Roosevelt" ever gain important elective office. Then, on February 15, 1898, the battleship *Maine* blew up in Havana Harbor. On the 25th, the commander of the Asiatic Squadron received a cable from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy: "Dewey, Hong Kong: In the event of war, your duty will be to see that the Spanish Squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast. Roosevelt."

So did T.R. set the stage for victory in the Pacific. Now he was ready for a fight closer to home. On a dank, hot June day, T.R. landed in Cuba with his famed Rough Riders. Days later, they were fighting for Santiago. In the forefront as always, Teddy came upon an American force pinned by withering rifle fire. "Let my men through, sir," T. R. commanded. Then he waved his hat and went up the hill with a rush, writing the saga of the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill into the story of American valor.

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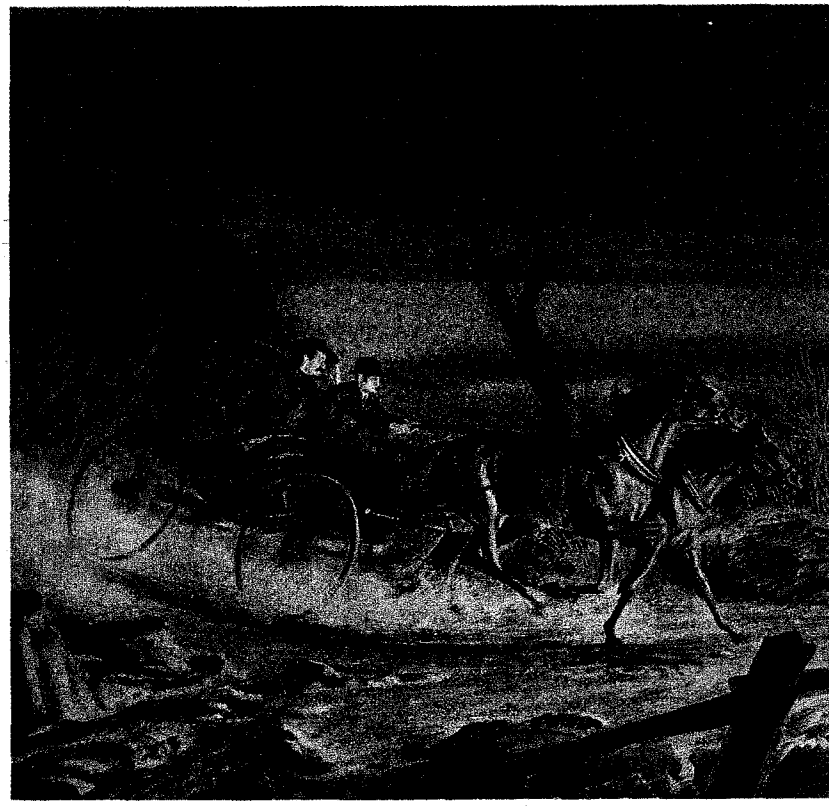

WITH PEACE CAME a heroes' welcome for the Rough Riders—and a hero's reward for their leader. New York's political bosses, overcoming antipathy and fear, decided that Roosevelt alone could win the governorship for them. But T. R. in the State House proved anathema to the cynical cabal. He struck out against graft, monopoly, social injustice. In hurried conferences, the decision was made: "This crazy man" must not be re-elected governor. When the Republican convention met in 1900, T.R. was named McKinley's running mate. The bosses heaved a sigh of relief. But destiny works in devious ways. Newspapers of September 7, 1901, told a grim story: "The President Is Shot!" A week later, a frantic message reached the Vice-President high in the Adirondacks: McKinley was sinking. Teddy leaped into a buckboard and raced for the railroad station. At 2:15 on the morning of September 14, careening down a mountain trail, Theodore Roosevelt, without knowing it, became President of the U. S.

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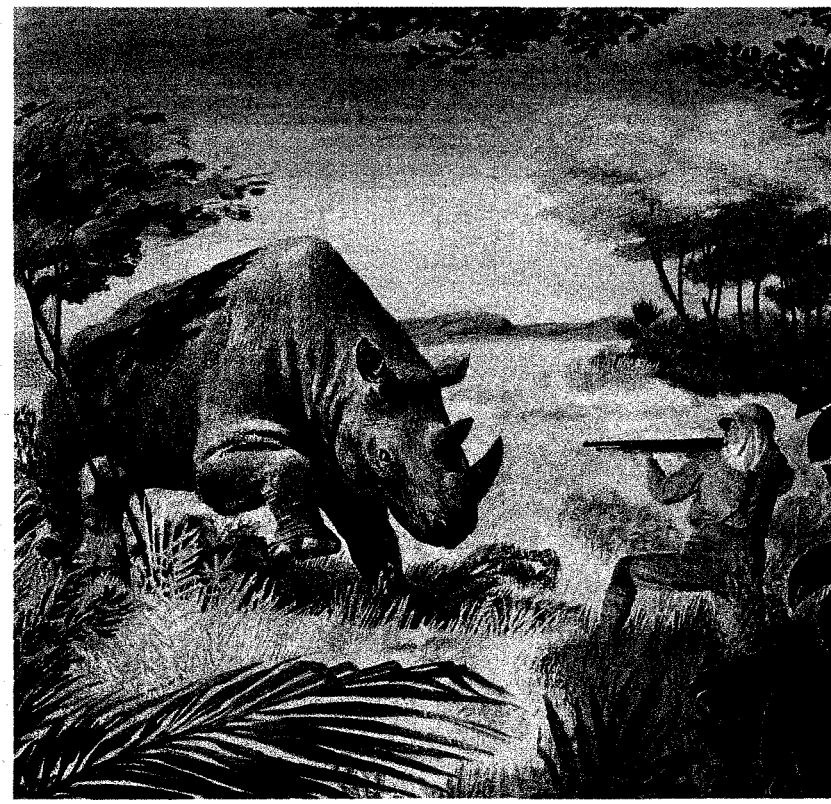

DECISIONS FLEW from the executive offices. Nothing was too small for the President's attention. When Army officers complained about a physical-fitness program, T.R. mounted a horse and galloped 100 miles, shaming them into silence. The Square Deal for all men became national policy. Conservation measures saved natural resources. The Panama Canal was becoming a reality. When Germany threatened Venezuela, T.R. sternly reminded the Kaiser of the Monroe Doctrine and Germany desisted. When Russia and Japan went to war, T.R. worked unceasingly for a just settlement—and won the Nobel Peace Prize. "Speak softly," he liked to say, "and carry a big stick." The years flew. With the end of his second term, T.R. was free. On a stormy March morning, he sailed for Africa and a hunt for big game. One day, facing an angry rhinoceros, Teddy coolly knelt and took aim. The rhino charged. T.R. fired. Still the beast came on. He fired again. Not 13 paces from the ex-President, the rhinoceros fell dead.

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THE GREAT SAFARI was over. T.R. was coming home. Everywhere, statesmen and plain people readied demands that he run again for the Presidency. His successors had failed, they told him. America needed him. When the Progressives chose him by acclamation, T.R. responded, "My hat is in the ring!" Under the banner of the Bull Moose, he took to the stump: one week he was in New York, the next in Iowa. One evening, a dark figure slipped out of the crowd, raised a pistol, and, at a distance of ten feet, fired a shot into Roosevelt's chest. Men fell upon the assassin, but T.R. called: "Don't hurt him. Just get me to my speech." Friends looked at his bloodstained shirt and pleaded. But Teddy was adamant. He *would* speak. Before the assemblage, his manuscript was bloody and torn but his voice was steady: "I am going to ask you to be very quiet. There is a bullet in my body." Two hours later, doctors gasped at the wound. But T.R. impatiently bade them remove the bullet. Two weeks later, he was on the stump again.

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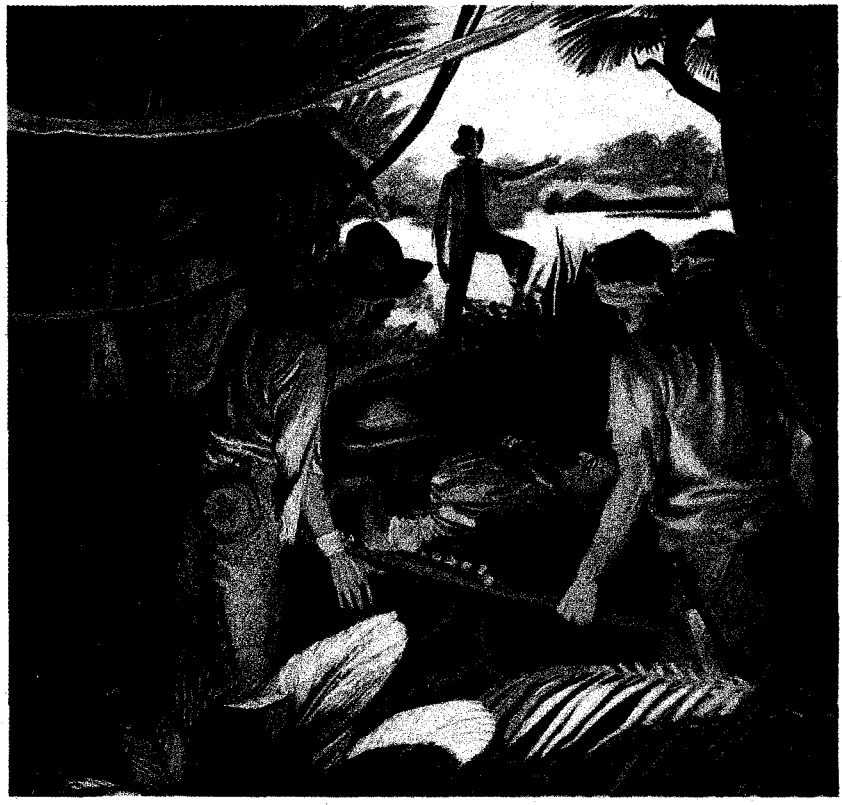

IT WAS A HARD FIGHT, but the result was predestined in the split Republican forces. T.R. sent congratulations to Woodrow Wilson and planned a new adventure. He had read of an unexplored river in the jungles of Brazil and, a few months later, launched an expedition to map it. Jungle heat bore down. Once, a canoe upset and a bearer drowned in the swirling maelstrom. One morning, T.R. tried to rise and fell back. For 48 hours, burning with fever, he hovered between life and death. Provisions were running low; there was a vast distance yet to be covered. He pleaded with his friends to go on and leave him to his fate. But no one who knew T.R. could fail to absorb some of his own courage. So, hundreds of miles from civilization, the party waited. A few days later, Teddy was carried to a canoe. Days passed. Then, a lookout spotted a hut on the river's banks: they had reached civilization! Roosevelt's report changed the name of the 1,000-mile River of Doubt. A grateful Brazil now calls it *Rio Roosevelt.*

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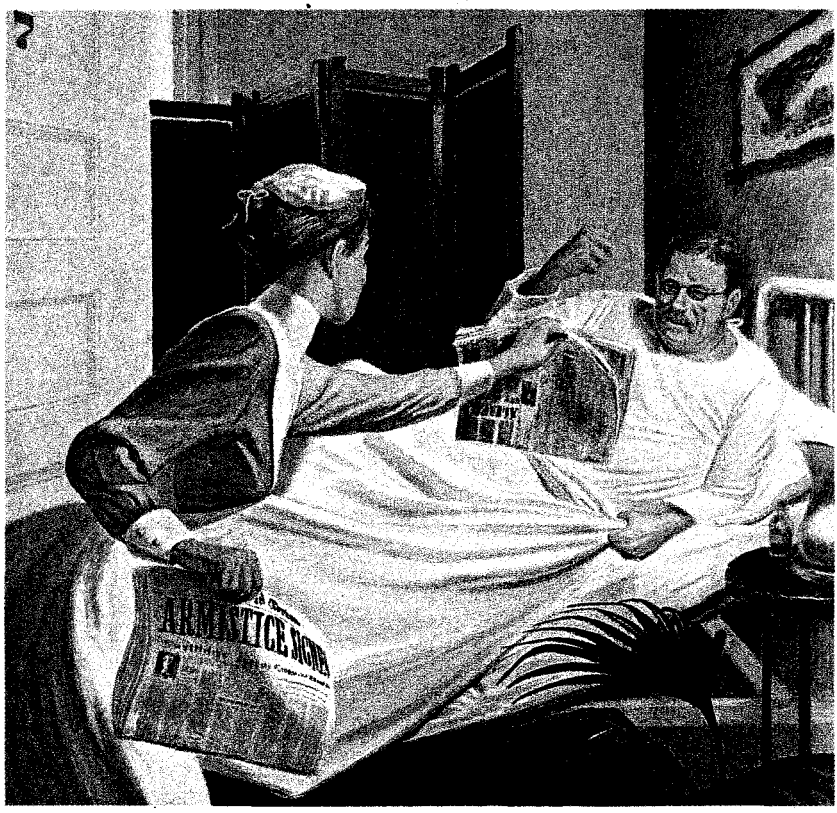

IN 1914, Europe flamed into World War I. Teddy took to the stump once more: to those who proclaimed the doctrine, "Safety First!" he responded, "Duty First!" Soon enough, his plea for preparedness was grimly justified and the U. S. went to war. When Roosevelt offered to organize a volunteer division, 200,000 men asked to serve under him. But this was neither 1898 nor the Battle of San Juan Hill: it was a modern war and Teddy's four sons took up the sword, Quentin to die in the sky over France. Meanwhile, T. R. fought the good fight at home, exhorting the people to all-out effort. At last, he was going on raw courage alone. Reading about the Armistice in a hospital, he broke into a wide grin and muttered his famous "Bully!" During the night of January 6, 1919, that great heart stopped forever. "T.R. Dies in Sleep!" newspapers proclaimed, and Vice-President Marshall, speaking for the world, added: "That was the only way. If he had been awake, there would have been a fight."

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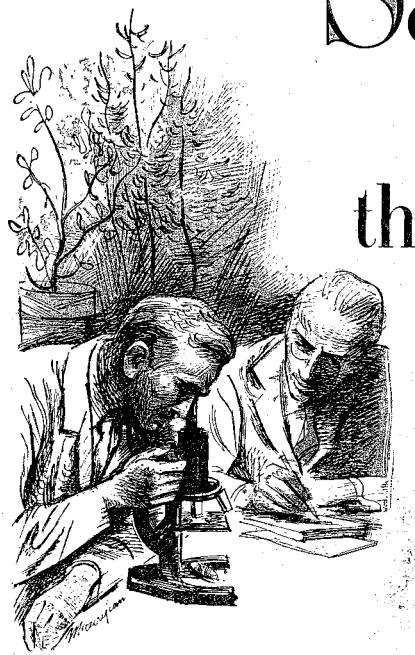
Science Conquers the Mite Plague



At last, America's farmers are winning their war on a tiny but voracious pest

by GLENN D. KITTLER

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER, an Oregon apple grower walked disconsolately through his orchards. The trees looked as if they had been sprayed with bronze paint; the fruit was small and misshapen. The crop was ruined; months of work and a big investment were lost.

"Mites," the man said bitterly.

Throughout the nation, thousands of other farmers witnessed the same devastation. A vast army of the tiny, almost-invisible insects was at work at its annual destruction of crops. For the most part, there was little the farmers could do.

At that same time, however, a group of scientists in a laboratory near Bethany, Connecticut, were spraying an amber fluid on infested leaves. Earlier, their powerful microscopes had revealed that the leaves were covered with a dense crowd of crawling mites and snow-like eggs.

After spraying the leaves, the scientists sat back to wait. When, 48 hours later, they inspected the leaves under microscopes, they smiled triumphantly. The mites were dead. Not just a few, but all of them. A five-year war was won.

Actually, it was a war as old as mankind, and, like all wars, it grew most violent at its end. In America alone, vast hordes of insects were inflicting a two-billion-dollar damage annually to the nation's crops. High among the plant-killers was the mite, a small spiderlike bug that seemed immune to insecticides.

With the development of DDT, farmers had hoped for an end of the threat. They soon learned, however, that DDT virtually liberated the mite world from its only enemy: it

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killed the insects which fed on mites. With this balance of nature upset, the mites pillaged onward across the country.

Flourishing in warm, dry climate, they maimed hundreds of citrus orchards in California. A drought helped create thriving conditions in the Midwest, and the nation's wheat production dropped millions of bushels. Reproducing remarkably fast (females daily lay 100 eggs which mature to adulthood in 10 days), the mites ruined bean fields and peach groves in a few weeks.

County agents, plagued for aid by panic-stricken farmers, were helpless. Aware of the growing problem, two scientists faced each other in a Connecticut laboratory in 1947 and asked what seemed an unanswerable question: "What can we do about mites?"

They were Dr. Walter D. Harris, chemist, and Dr. John W. Zukel, biologist, both staff researchers at the agricultural laboratory of the Naugatuck Chemical Division, United States Rubber Company.

People were surprised to learn that a rubber company intended to work on a miticide. However, by the nature of its business, the company was already engaged in organic chemistry. Beyond that, its own rubber plantations were constantly threatened by various plant and animal pests.

FOR TWO YEARS, Harris and Zukel labored without visible success. By the time they were joined by Dr. H. Douglas Tate, now director of the laboratory, they had struggled through 200 fruitless experiments. Often the scientists worked far into the night, brewing strange-smelling concoctions, spraying leaves, peering through microscopes, cursing the mites they could not conquer.

About three years ago, the scientists won their first encouragement: they developed a miticide that was effective in a mixture of one part compound to 800 parts water. True, this was progress!

After weeks of more tests, they were able to double the effectiveness of their formula, then triple it, and—months later—they developed a compound equally effective in a mixture of one part to 200,000 parts of water.

But success still eluded them. Satisfied with their formula, they bottled the miticide and arranged for field tests at experimental stations throughout the nation. As the bottles, awaiting shipment, stood in the sunlight on the laboratory shelves, a chemical action destroyed the compound's potency.

Field plans were canceled immediately, and the doctors returned to their test tubes. Precious weeks passed. During them, Harris was transferred to another division, and Zukel and Tate worked alone.

Just when they discovered the chemical that would preserve the potency of the compound, another company rushed its miticide to the market. Disappointed, Zukel and Tate awaited reports of their competitor's success.

They soon learned that the new miticide not only killed mites but other insects, too, some of which were helpful to plant life. It was dangerous to animals and could paralyze people.

"We knew then," says Tate, "that much more remained to be

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done to perfect a miticide. And we felt we could do it."

Resuming their work, they overcame the dangers of their formula until they developed a compound that would kill mites and nothing else. They called it Aramite.

Early in 1950, field tests began. After months of anxious waiting, the reports started to arrive. The California Citrus Experiment Station at Riverside declared: "Aramite produced excellent results in controlling citrus red mites on oranges, grapefruit, and lemons."

A Maryland station reported that Aramite killed resistant mites on beans and roses. In Washington and Oregon, it destroyed apple mites. Tested on alfalfa, it killed mites without harming the bees doing the work of pollenation. Reports of its effectiveness soared as high as 99 per cent. Field workers found Aramite could be mixed successfully with other insecticides, thereby destroying all bugs at one spraying.

Stations reported evidence of results in a few hours, with total success in three days. Also, normal rainfall did not wash off the Aramite, thus giving foliage a lasting protection against the insects.

Sprayed in poultry yards, the compound killed chicken mites. It destroyed chiggers and, at Los Alamos, New Mexico, it overcame the millions of clover mites which were invading the residences of A-bomb workers. "Most important to us," Tate says now, "was learning that Aramite was not harmful to human beings, and that it did not destroy the insects which are natural predators of mites."

Because of limited production facilities, Aramite is being supplied chiefly to huge commercial farms and orchards. As production increases, it will be available to the public through distributors of farm and garden supplies. Limited quantities will be sold in this manner in the spring.

Of their discovery, Tate and Zukel say: "Mankind will never destroy all the mites in the world. There are too many of them. But we know we can now control them in a given area, and this means a general improvement of our crops. With the international demands being made on the American farmer, the victory over mites is a forward step in agriculture which will be reflected throughout our way of life."

Open Season (Mink)

No woman will wear a hat or dress identical to another woman's —but all rules are off about mink coats. —Dick Frankfort

She got that mink coat the hard way—she bought it herself. —Lou Costello

There they stood—she sparkling in her new mink coat, and he shining in his old blue serge. —Chal Herry

Any girl can get a mink coat; it takes a smart one to stay cold. —Mike O'Shea (*TV Guide*)

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Must Bachelor Girls Be Immoral?

by PATTY DE ROULF

Here is a candid discussion of a problem of vital importance to unmarried women

"WHAT'S HAPPENED to the men in the world?" demanded a young Chicago secretary who in desperation was led to consult a psychologist. "I have looks, a good job, a cute apartment—and all I get are wolf howls. Men raid my refrigerator, then talk about making love. If I don't oblige, they tell me I'm cold or queer. If I should oblige, I know I'll be sorry.

"What's become of old-fashioned courtship? What's in the future for girls like me?"

A new problem? No, but a growing one, since women are freer than ever before, have more money, are more independent in everything but romance. Their bitter complaints concern men who no longer behave like gentlemen, who degrade the fine art of wooing, who demand all and give nothing.

In Boston, there's a petite, redheaded commercial artist who is clever and successful. At 22, fresh from college, on her first job, in her first apartment, she met THE man.

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Or so she thought. There was the preliminary serenading period during which she was allowed to dream of wedding bells. Then, quite soon, she found the situation had developed into an affair—simple, but not so pure. The wining and dining vanished, and whenever our heroine desired the company of her Casanova she was obliged to *invite* him to see her, to cook and serve dinner, and wash the dishes after he had departed!

"The modern man," declares a bachelor girl in Seattle, "wants a mate without the moral obligations or even gifts which any husband would bestow on his wife."

Now 27 and settled down to a steady job, with cats and books as diversions, the Seattle lady went further. "In the old days, if you were a man's mistress, you may have lost your reputation but at least you gained compensation. Today, a man accepts no responsibility for either your emotional or financial life. You're lucky if he brings candy or flowers. He loves you and leaves you, and you're supposed to be grateful for the crumbs scattered in your path.

"As for me, I'll take my cats!"

Age means nothing. Men from 16 to 66 seem to be on the bachelor girl's black list, and they appear in every classification—single, widowed, divorced, married—the last usually voted the worst offender.

"I once had a Saturday-afternoons-only romance," recalls a New York career woman. "Mr. Blank was a so-called respectable married man whom I met through business. I was anxious for his help in furthering my career. His flirtatious overtures impressed me, and before I realized it Mr. Blank was arriving every Saturday for luncheon.

"He spent the afternoon, had a rollicking good time, and at 5 o'clock went home. As I began to press for more and more of his attention, Mr. Blank ceased to put in appearances. Looking back, I know now that while he quit work at noon, he had told his wife he was at his desk all day Saturday, and was feverishly trying to crowd a big romance into a four-hour, once-a-week rendezvous."

WITH WOMEN EARNING substantial wages, social standards have changed and it is accepted as perfectly correct for women to invite men to dinner, to buy theater tickets, and to offer to pay half the checks. The distaff complaint is that too many men take advantage and, in no time, are allowing their girl friends to foot *all* the bills.

The lowest type, however, the bachelor girls agree, is the man who meets you at a party, takes you home, connives to get into your apartment for a nightcap, and then says "How about it?" Some girls slap the individual's face and show him the door; but the shocking fact is that a growing percentage accept the proposition. Not always that very evening, to be sure, but the next or the next.

Why? Because if a girl says "No," she is abused or accused. It winds up either in a knock-down, drag-out bit of unpleasantness in which she emerges with torn dress but with her honor; or else she gets a smarting lecture in which she is told she is a teaser and a gold digger; that she is selfish and frigid; that she's a psychopath; or that she's a Lesbian

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in disguise. Many women conclude it's easier to succumb, or perhaps more sensible. The average bachelor girl is lonely, craves romance, hopes for marriage. She often believes this *may* be a method of getting a man for keeps. If not that, at least it's a way of experiencing sex and male companionship—even though it may be fleeting.

Psychologists tell us that every woman's strongest and deepest longing is for home, children, and husband, no matter how successful or famous she may be. Every woman has a driving need to be of primary interest to *someone*. If she isn't, she suffers a gnawing loneliness which brings on doubt, hesitancy, fear, lack of self-confidence, and moodiness. Isn't it better, many girls reason, to take a chance and hope for the best?

Thousands romp through one affair after another, feeling satisfied and adjusted in so doing, and psychiatrists frequently condone their habits. Better than frustration, better than nothing, doctors explain—though far below marital gratification.

But let us return to the young Chicago secretary who was forced to consult a psychologist about her plight. What *is* she and what *are* other women like her going to do? Should they cater to a man's whims and then hate themselves afterwards, or should they remain frustrated but virginal?

"The first thing a young woman should do," states a noted woman psychiatrist, "is to become emotionally mature and realize she has a problem. The modern girl is frequently on her own. She often has a college degree, holds an important position, runs her own life, but is unable to achieve the proper emotional maturity."

Why not? Sometimes, it's the way a girl looks at things. Susan can solve Mary's problem but not her own, because she can't see herself as easily as she sees Mary. Her personal anxiety blinds her, her real motives are foggy, and her impulses are concealed.

Imagine Susan about to plunge into an affair with a young man who promises marriage as soon as he gets a good job. Susan is head over heels in love and afraid that one false move will cause the man to change his mind. All right—Susan's anxiety is based on her own lack of confidence in her attributes, her doubts as to what is right and wrong, plus an innate desire for a husband. Her motive for wanting an affair is to please and hold the man, and her impulse is simply a healthy, sexual urge.

Now if Susan could see herself, not as a unique individual, but as one of millions, her troubles would be over. Her friend Mary, who *can* see her, might wisely sum it up with: "If he really loves you, he'll wait till you're married. If not, forget him!"

DOWN DEEP, bachelor girls have a hovering feeling of insecurity. Can a girl hold her job, can she be alluring, can she win a husband? There is only one way she can be sure the answers will be "yes."

She must have *self-confidence*; and self-confidence is easy enough to obtain if she will just make a quick inventory. Complexion, figure, hair, clothes in good shape? Good talker, dancer, sense of humor, steady position, some hobby or outside interest? If anything's lacking, she

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The Perilous Years

THE YEARS BETWEEN 18 and 25, according to Mrs. Helen Southard, adviser on family relations for the National Board, Young Women's Christian Association, are the perilous ones in a woman's life. These are the years when chances for marriage are the highest, when a girl may grasp or muff the opportunity for wedded happiness.

The normal bachelor girl hankers for experience, though not necessarily for sex. From movies and novels, she often gains a sense of personal power, and feels she is able to cope with any situation. But unfortunately, she doesn't always succeed, and innocent flirtations end up becoming heartbreaking affairs.

Strangely enough, marriage proposals usually fly out the window when sex steps in. "When you give a man all the comforts of home without moral responsibilities, your chances for marriage are slim," declares Mrs. Southard.

"Sex to a man is mostly a release of tensions," states Dr. Abraham Stone, noted physician. "To a woman, it is a deeper emotion in which love, attention, security are more important than just the physical episode. A woman and a man cannot look at sex with the same perspective."

can take immediate steps to remedy it—go to a hairdresser, a psychiatrist, whatever is needed—and then she's ready to face the world.

Bachelor girls many times make the mistake of cheapening themselves. Girls' clubs, hotel rooms, small apartments all over the U. S. are inhabited every evening by young ladies sitting hopefully beside silent telephones. If a man—any man—does call for a date, the delighted girl will gush an acceptance and fly into her party dress. But not so our European sisters.

A continental girl would probably lie wickedly: "How unfortunate, *cheri!* I'd love to see you, but I'm going to the theater tonight." Perhaps she would then sit home with a book; but the unsuspecting man would be intrigued by a woman who did *not* jump at the snap of his fingers. How many GI's returned with foreign brides!

European women make a complete study of men, their types and behaviors. They know, for example, that a "woman-hater" always marries, because actually he is seeking the woman for whom he can care. They know exactly what to do with such a man—laugh off his accusations and he winds up proposing.

They realize a man is marriage-shy because he doesn't want to face obligations or be tied down, and they carefully convince him that his responsibilities will be truly less with a woman's help—that is, with *their* help. They remember that a man does not respect a woman who is easy, no matter what he may contend.

And so we go back to the bachelor girl's problem. Often she is confused; almost always she is inconsistent. If she yields to a man, she's bound to lose self-respect; if she doesn't yield, she foregoes compan-

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ionship. Is there no answer? "Yes!" shout hundreds of successful, happy bachelor girls and ex-spinsters.

Movie star Shelley Winters states: "There's no substitute for a man, but you shouldn't settle for anything less than the *right* man. You may get lonely waiting, but don't get frantic. Your twenties and thirties are the golden years in which you should take up hobbies, extra studies, travel, have fun. These days, women don't grow old for a long while. Look at Swanson and Dietrich. So take it easy. There's plenty of time."

Here is more encouraging news. "Promiscuous girls are cutting their own throats for marriage," states a New York psychoanalyst, and proof of this lies in a study made by Lewis Terman, Professor Emeritus in Psychology, Stanford University. In his extensive research among married couples, Terman reported the highest score for happiness was achieved by the wife who was a virgin at marriage.

That is something for the bachelor girl to think over carefully. If she can't dance without paying the piper, is the dancing going to have been worth while when the dream boy does come along? "No!" says Mrs. Southard of the YWCA. "No!" says every social worker.

But what is a girl to do if most males she meets fall below par? Sit alone every night? Go to the movies with other females? The picture isn't quite so dreary. Where there's life, there's hope. The main thing is to stir up some life!

First of all, a bachelor girl must grow up. If she can hold a responsible position, she ought to acquire some sense about romance. To succeed in business, you've got to be better than the other person. The same goes for this business of love.

The lonely mademoiselle had best improve her personality, her looks, her cooking, her dancing—make herself into the most capable, likeable, and captivating female possible. She should join clubs, take up sports, go where mixed crowds gather and, in due time, she should lure herself a couple of nice beaux. Then it is up to her to decide on the stakes. She can play for fun or for keeps, knowing the penalties of the first, the rewards of the latter.

The one thing she must always remember is that the woman sets the rules in the game of love. But since the Roaring Twenties, unfortunately, she has let down the bars. Instead of asking what has happened to men, maybe she ought to ask what has happened to her own sex—and then perhaps put the bars up again. She really can't lose.

It's the age-old custom and wonderful, impulsive nature of the male to play the game, no matter how high the hurdles or how stringent the regulations.

Giveaway Erudition

Heard on a quiz program: "What is the smallest volume in the world?"
"Who's Who in Russia."

—*Tales of Hoffman*

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The Gift of Years

YOUTH IS NOT a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of red cheeks, red lips, and supple knees. It is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life. Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over a life of ease.

—SAMUEL ULLMAN (*International Altrusan Magazine*)

NOBODY GROWS OLD by merely having lived a number of years. In the final analysis, people grow old only by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the face, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-interest, fear, despair—these are the long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

—WATTERSON LOWE

IT SHOULD BE encouraging to you to know that if you are now confronted by any kind of problem, personal or otherwise, there is sure to be a way to solve it, and you will find the way as rapidly and as surely as you apply to it the principles of divine truth.

It is possible to make each year bring with it a lasting gift to add to the fullness of experience, to be treasured up, savored, and remembered always.

They need not be startling, these gifts of the years; they may be things that lie within the reach of all. —GRENVILLE KLEISER

EVERY STREET has two sides, the shady side and the sunny side. When two men shake hands and part, mark carefully which of the two takes the sunny side; he will invariably be the younger of the two.

—BULWER-LYTTON (*What Will He Do With It?*)

TO HAVE KNOWN one good old man—one man who, through the chances and mischances of a long life, has carried his heart in his hand, like a palm branch, waving all discords into peace—helps our faith in God, our faith in ourselves, and our faith in each other, more than many sermons could do. —GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

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HOW Neurotic ARE YOU?

by LOUIS E. BISCH, M.D.

This simple diagnostic test will help you to determine how normal you really are

THE WORD "NEUROTIC" has now become part of our everyday language. Sometimes we fling it loosely at others, sometimes wince at the thought that they may be whispering it behind our backs.

The fact is that, although extreme neuroticism can be dangerous, a mild state of it is nothing to worry about and may even indicate a superior mentality. Indeed, some of our greatest men and women have been "neurotics."

As a yardstick to measure your own degree of neuroticism, the following test should clear up some of the confusion and anxiety surrounding that much-abused word. If your score is "average," then just relax and make the best of your neuroses.

1. Read the 50 questions carefully to get a general idea of the subject matter.

2. Note that most of them really consist of two questions, separated by "or." That is why there are two "yes" columns at the right.

3. If, therefore, you answer the first part of such a double question in the affirmative, place a check in the first "yes" column; if only the second, then a check in the second column. And, of course, if your answer is affirmative for both, then two checks should appear.

4. A few questions, you will note, consist of one query alone. For example, No. 11 asks whether you are self-conscious. If you suffer from this complaint, two checks should be placed opposite the question. These questions are single because they have a double value in helping you make a self-analysis.

5. Do not score yourself "yes" unless your trait is definite and marked. When you've finished scoring, add the check marks in both "yes" columns. If you have 15 checks or less, you are normal, which is rare. A score of 16-70 checks indicates you are neurotic to some degree, perhaps in a useful way. A person scoring over 70 probably suffers from a true neurosis and should see a psychiatrist.

From *Be Glad You're Neurotic* by Louis E. Bisch, M.D. Copyright, 1936 and 1946, by McGraw-Hill Book Co., 330 W. 42nd St., New York 18, N.Y.

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	YES	YES		YES	YES
1. Are you OVERSENSITIVE or AFRAID TO MEET PEOPLE?			15. Are you unable to MAKE or HOLD FRIENDS?		
2. Do you AVOID SOCIAL CONTACTS or REMAIN too much BY YOURSELF?			16. Do you EXAGGERATE trifles or unduly MINIMIZE important things?		
3. Do you indulge in SELF-PITY or tend to PAMPER YOURSELF?			17. Are you either DEPRESSED or unduly OPTIMISTIC without cause?		
4. Are you given to SELF-ACCUSATION or to feelings of GUILT?			18. Are you continually DISSATISFIED or upset by MENTAL CONFLICTS?		
5. Are you quick to make EXCUSES for yourself or to DEFEND YOURSELF before others?			19. Do you PREFER the society of the SAME SEX or DISLIKE THE OPPOSITE SEX?		
6. Are you OVERCONSCIENTIOUS to the point where it annoys you?			20. Are you "HEART-HUNGRY" or do your SEX DESIRES TANTALIZE?		
7. Do you feel REPRESSED or feel that you could do CREATIVE WORK?			21. Do you DISLIKE CHILDREN or feel ANTAGONISTIC toward MARRIAGE?		
8. Do you have any feelings of ANXIETY or IMPENDING DANGER without knowing why?			22. Do you DAYDREAM a great deal or do you FAIL TO TRY to make your ambitions come true?		
9. Do you WORRY WITHOUT CAUSE or are you forever concerned about WHAT PEOPLE THINK?			23. Have you LOST INTEREST IN CURRENT EVENTS or do you feel DISGUSTED WITH THE WORLD?		
10. Are you convinced, but without justification, that you are either INFERIOR or SUPERIOR to others?			24. Do you tend to be RADICAL just to be different or are you stubbornly CONSERVATIVE?		
11. Do you suffer from SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS?			25. Have you become generally FAULT-FINDING or CYNICAL?		
12. Are you assailed by the habit of DOUBT, not knowing what is best to do, or are you usually SUGGESTIBLE?			26. Have you LOST AMBITION or do you feel your LIFE has been a FAILURE?		
13. Are you JEALOUS or SUSPICIOUS of others?			27. Do you LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE or feel you would like to be a CHILD AGAIN?		
14. Are you extremely CRITICAL of others or DIFFICULT TO PLEASE?			28. Do you often feel that PEOPLE or YOUR SURROUNDINGS ARE UNREAL?		
			29. Are you UNABLE TO		

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	YES	YES
HOLD ANY JOB FOR LONG?		
30. Are you exceptionally ORDERLY or unusually DISORDERLY?		
31. Are you OVERCAREFUL in DRESSING or do you spend an excessive amount of TIME BEFORE THE MIRROR?		
32. Do you consider yourself a PHYSICAL COWARD or do you LIE even when it is not necessary?		
33. Are you SUPERSTITIOUS or do you adhere to a CULT of any kind?		
34. Is the influence of a PARENT or ANY RELATIVE unusually strong?		
35. Do you frequently make ERRORS or do things you CONSIDER FOOLISH?		
36. Have you any COMPULSIONS such as looking into closets, under beds, checking often to see that the door is locked, the gas off, etc., or are you unable to overcome any BAD HABITS, such as excessive use of tobacco, alcohol, etc.?		
37. Have you a haunting DREAD OF DEATH?		
38. Have you a passion for COLLECTING THINGS or do you QUICKLY TIRE and GET RID of your belongings?		
39. Do you FEAR THE DARK or any of the FORCES OF NATURE or suffer a DREAD OF INSANITY?		
40. Do you think about committing SUICIDE or entertain other MORBID IDEAS?		
41. Do you feel UNCOMFORTABLE IN CLOSED PLACES such as elevators, subways, etc., or when traversing OPEN SPACES such as fields, plazas, etc.?		
42. Do you DISLIKE HIGH PLACES such as mountains, tall buildings, etc., or do you have an IMPULSE to jump off?		
43. Do you have any unreasonable FEAR OF GERMS or has CLEANLINESS become an OBSESSION?		
44. Are you IRRITABLE or given to TEMPER TANTRUMS?		
45. Is your CONCENTRATION or MEMORY poor?		
46. Do you tire easily or feel you must ALWAYS "BE ON THE GO"?		
47. Do you find it DIFFICULT to RELAX or do you suffer from INSOMNIA?		
48. Do you have frequent HEADACHES or are you generally UNSTABLE EMOTIONALLY?		
49. Do you have DISTURBING DREAMS or do you tend to OVERSLEEP?		
50. Have you PHYSICAL SYMPTOMS that doctors claim are IMAGINARY?		
Totals (add both columns)		

We have committed the Golden Rule to memory.
Let us now commit it to life. —EDWIN MARKHAM

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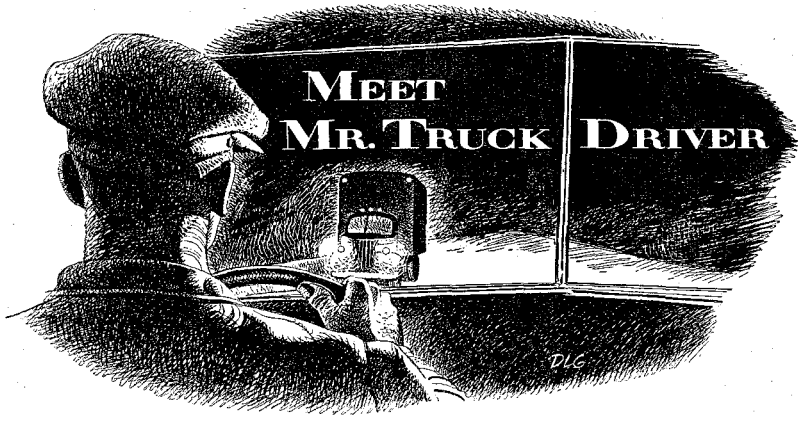

by CARLE HODGE

Danger rides with him day and night, and heroism on the highway is part of his job

UP ROUTE 130 toward New York, the road signs pointed to disaster on a frigid midnight last February. Treacherous ice paved the highway. Suddenly, near Bridgeport, New Jersey, a sedan lost its tire hold on the glaze. It spun crazily for a few terrifying seconds, smashed into an embankment, and was quickly cloaked in flames.

Then a common but silent highway thriller unfolded. A giant tractor-trailer lumbered up, its 12 running lights blinking in the cold and its 14 oversized tires whining against the frozen roadway. The trucker eased his 22 tons of machine and cargo to a halt and, fire extinguisher in hand, jumped from the cab. He might have been any truck driver. He was, it happened, a wiry six-footer named Lloyd Bright, traveling north from Baltimore with a full load of freight.

The fire by then was flickering around the sedan doors; the gasoline tank would explode any moment. But Bright coolly flung open the door and dragged out the groaning passengers—a man and a small girl. He flagged down a motorist and sent him for help. Then he and another trucker, who had just pulled up, turned their extinguishers on the blaze.

Minutes later, without knowing or caring to know the names of those whose lives he had saved, Bright was on the road again. He couldn't forget that his "box" was crammed with raw textiles, needed in a Manhattan factory at dawn.

Such deeds of highway heroism are routine footnotes in the log books of America's 1,000,000 over-the-road truckers. And, like Lloyd Bright, none wait around for medals; they're working against a relentless

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schedule. Each time Bright wheels his big "rig" out of his home terminal in Baltimore, and into the settling dusk, he can be sure of just two things: he is pulling a load that must get through fast, and no two runs are ever alike.

Perhaps a motorist or another truckman will need a flat fixed, or a life saved. Or maybe it will be the weather—so hot that his rimless eyeglasses cloud, and his feet blister on the floorboards. Or it may be so wintry that he must creep along hour after weary hour, bumper-deep in slushy snow. Or maybe it will be a flash flood, like the one in Virginia last year which swept away the truck ahead, drowning its driver.

On one winter run, Bright was edging his bulky outfit down an icy Maryland hill when he saw in his rear-view mirror a sight that made his scalp tingle. A trailer was heaving past him.

"I wonder," he thought, "what kind of darned fool is trying to pass me on a road like this?"

Just then, he recognized the red-circled emblem of his own company, Associated Transport. He caught his breath. What he really saw in his rear-view mirror was the side of his trailer, which had jackknifed and was skidding sidewise down the highway!

He quickly stomped on the gas, snapping the wandering trailer, like a whip, out behind him. On ice, this is a maneuver about as easy as skating across a bathtub on a soap cake. Luckily, it worked.

Luckily, too, such close shaves come seldom. Quiet, bespectacled Lloyd Bright has been trucking for 19 of his 34 years—ever since his legs were long enough to reach the gas pedal—and yet he has been involved in just one smashup.

He was a skinny teen-ager then (when laws weren't so strict about who could drive), and he was piloting a "gypsy," a truck which will cart anything anywhere anytime for anybody. On his ill-fated trip, Lloyd was taxiing a truckful of cattle. To miss a sedan which suddenly popped out from a side road, he swerved and the truck overturned. Both the cattle and the driver walked away unhurt. That was 18 years ago. Since then, he has driven more than a million accident-free miles.

In the past four years, he has run two or three weekly round trips of 1,000 miles for Associated Transport, largest truck system in the country. This chore earns him an average of $102 a week.

Sit beside him in his power-throbbing "horse" on one of these night hauls. This trip, he is "riding relay" to Roanoke, Virginia, 260 miles and eight lonely hours away. Another driver just rolled the load into Baltimore. Still another will be waiting at Roanoke to whisk it to Knoxville so the shipment will be on store shelves next morning.

Lloyd skillfully threads his massive land freighter down Route 1 through the streaming Baltimore-Washington traffic. Floodlights already are splashing up the Washington Monument in the twilight as the truck grinds through the capital and into Virginia. Bright is sweating like a lumberjack from an hour of jouncing and wrestling with his 45 feet of rig.

At Fall's Church, Virginia, his tires crunch over the gravel driveway of a diner. He parks behind a

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row of other trucks. The roads are peppered with these "truck stops." They offer a man gas, gab, the latest highway dope, a fast meal, and sometimes, for the sleepyheads, a free bunk in the back.

Lloyd, a fellow in a hurry, never lingers. "When you see my truck, you see me in it." As he pays his check, a short man in a khaki shirt tells him, "They're weighin' on 29 tonight. You riding legal?"

"Legal as hell."

Bright means, in highwayese, that he isn't overloaded: the weight of his equipment and freight do not total more than the 50,000 pounds Virginia allows. Weight laws, varying from state to state, are a thorn to truckers. If Bright's rig had left New York weighing 60,000 pounds, that would have been all right in New Jersey, illegal in Pennsylvania, easily safe in Delaware, but illegal again in Virginia.

Critics say that trucks grind up the roads. The truckers answer, through their official spokesman, The American Trucking Association, that reasonably loaded trucks do not grind up the roads, and that, anyway, they pay at least a fair share of highway taxes.

LLOYD'S TRUCK spurts into the road again, a road he knows as well as the six-room, white-shingle house he and his wife own in a Baltimore suburb. But his speed is a steady 40 miles an hour. He doesn't need grim posters to remind him that the ten tons of cargo behind him are ready, if he had to stop quickly, to rip on through his cab and crush him against the dashboard.

On the entire trip, he touches his horn only two or three times. Bright talks with other truckers, though, in the universal sign language of the big rigs. His headlights are dimmed. If he wants to pass another truck, he flicks them onto the bright and quickly off again. The truck ahead flashes its lights once—meaning, go on and pass. Or jiggles them several times—danger ahead, go slowly.

After midnight, there are fewer and fewer private cars, and the pavements belong at last to the roaring trucks. Villages, shapeless ghost towns in the dark, flow past. Bright's world is bounded by the little patch of highway which his headlights pick out; it is noiseless except for the rackety-rack of the mighty 175-horsepower Diesel under his hood, gulping a gallon of fuel every seven miles.

He rolls through farmland. A "sleeper" truck, northbound, winks a greeting as it hurtles past. One man aboard is sleeping in the bunk behind the seat while his partner spells him at the wheel; they cover long distances nonstop.

Near Charlottesville, as he begins shoving his steel-covered wagon up into the Blue Ridges, an oncoming rig blinks out the flash-flash-flash warning of trouble ahead. Then, on a curve, there's the unmistakable fuzzy crimson glow of a flare which a trucker has spiked into the ground.

Lloyd slows to a turtle's pace, ready to obey the unwritten code of the road—stop and help. A truck-and-trailer has overshot the bend and careened over on its side into the ditch. It lies there, a helpless giant. Flashlights of other truck drivers motion Bright on past; everything is under control.

His worries aren't over. He nerv-

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ously watches in his mirror a coupé which has kept behind him for miles. Hijackers? He shakes his head confidently and looks around the cab for a bit of wood to rap his knuckles on. "It's never happened to me yet."

Just the same, he knows hijacking can happen, and does. He sighs happily when the coupé finally honks, then pulls around him and drones away.

It's after 4 A.M. by the time he "beaches" his rig beside a dock at the Roanoke terminal, a bustling beehive, brightly lighted in the slumbering city. Mechanics are ready to check the truck's engines and slake its thirsty fuel tanks. Dockmen are rapidly packing and unpacking other trailers. Bright turns in his compact "safety kit"—extinguisher, flares, flags—and punches a time clock.

"On the button, Lloyd," the dispatcher grins sleepily. "Did you have any trouble?"

Lloyd rubs a kink from his leg. "Nope, not this time."

He trudges wearily into the company dormitory. In the dark, someone is shaking a sleeping figure: "C'mon, Joe. Your Pittsburgh load is ready."

Lloyd Bright sprawls onto a cot. Tonight: the 260 miles back to Baltimore, more freight to be hauled, a thousand miles this week, and more the next, and no two of the runs ever alike.

Selected Selling Sentences

In a hosiery-shop window: "Your Face May Be Your Fortune —But It's Your Leg That Draws the Interest."
—FRANK FARRELL (NEW YORK *World Telegram & Sun*)

Over a display of fireplace accessories in a hardware store: "Anything the Hearth Desires." —HILDA HEYM

Displayed by an enterprising book-seller: "Satan trembles when he sees Bibles sold as low as these." —*Catholic Digest*

Poster gracing the display window in an Ohio store specializing in ladies' shoes: "Ladies, These Shoes Make Street Walking A Pleasure." —MAL BAIN

On a California vaudeville theater: "Amazing! Colossal! Terrific! Each Act Is Better than the Next!" —FRANCES RODMAN

An Indiana safety sign: "School—Don't Kill a Child." Beneath which had been scrawled: "Wait For a Teacher."
—*Courier-Journal Magazine*

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World Within Walls

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

These pictures, taken at one prison by* ROBERT BENYAS, *describe what happens behind the bars of prisons everywhere

THE GATE CLANGS SHUT. You pause a moment to listen for the sound of the key turning in the lock, but the tug on your handcuffs pulls you away and reminds you: you are no longer free to move or not move as you please. From now on, you will do only what you are told, go only where you are led, stop promptly on command.

The marshal leads you into a small office. He speaks your name and the man behind the typewriter looks up idly. He stares at you and,

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for a moment, you stare back, but your eyes soon drop. You will come to know his blue shirt and black tie well. Starting today and to the end of your life, they will remain a picture of Authority.

Your handcuffs are undone and you are led to a bare room acrid with the smell of laundry soap. "Strip!" says the guard shortly. You leave your shoes and shorts on, but when the guard comes back, he barks, "I said strip—that means everything!" You take your shoes and shorts off. He gives you a pair of khaki trousers and a shirt. Awkwardly, you come out of the room.

"You'll be in orientation quarantine for two weeks," he says. "You'll get a physical, I. Q. tests, orientation lectures, and a permanent work assignment. During the quarantine period, you'll be segregated from the rest of the prisoners. Do as you're told and you'll be all right."

It is as though he is speaking in his sleep, and you can tell that he has repeated this little speech many times before.

Another guard comes and leads you out of the building, across a rocky field, into another building. You follow him upstairs and down long gray corridors. Suddenly you are aware that, for the first time in your life, you are in a penitentiary cell block. It is like no human habitation you have ever seen. Painfully clean, like an aseptic cow barn with separate stalls, it is arranged so that each man is exposed to the long corridor and to the constant scrutiny of Authority.

The guard stops. He opens a door and you go into one of the cells. For a moment, you look around unseeing, unhearing. When you turn,

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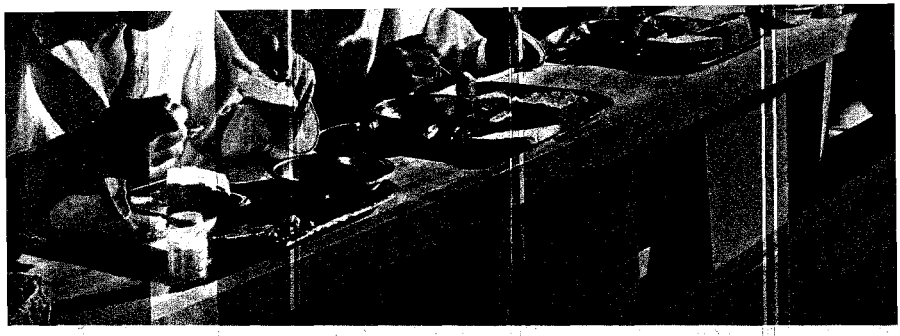

In the sameness of every day, mealtime is always a welcome break.

the guard is gone. You are alone.

The walls and scrubbed cement floor dully reflect the pale light that filters in from the barred window on the wall. Besides the bunk on which you sit, there is a washstand, lavatory, chair, and locker. And that's all.

Then, for the first time in many weeks, you stop thinking about police stations, courtrooms, lawyers, words—all the words. As you sit there, gazing at the feeble light on the floor, your mind is clear and, for the first time in what seems an eternity, you suddenly feel a sense of relief. You're alone at last. It's all over.

And then you learn that it's just beginning. In an incredibly short time, the guard returns. "They're ready for you now," he says.

In that very first hour, you lose your name.

The dentist speaks: "Number 087346, teeth 24 and 31 missing; tooth 16 caries." He pokes around under your bridge. It isn't until much later that you learn what he was looking for: narcotics.

The supply trusty speaks: "Number 087346, one safety razor, four blades, shaving brush, toothbrush, tooth powder, comb." These clothes you wear and the faded picture in your billfold are your worldly possessions now. All of them. Everything else you had when you came in has been carefully packed and sent to your people.

You are led from room to room. One guard commands: "Bathe!" Another points a camera at you and says, "Lift your chin! Higher! Now turn to the side." Another presses your fingers on an inked glass pane. "Roll your thumb in that square!"

Then it is night. Back to the

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Each inmate is given physical and psychological tests.

whitewashed, aseptic cell you are taken, to the peace and quiet of aloneness. You can close your eyes and not see policemen or hear the words. You can sleep.

Moments afterward, there is a whistle. You don't quite know where you are. You lie there and look at the pale light in the barred window over your head and you know that it's morning. You say to yourself, "Is this really me? Am I really in prison?" Slowly, you get out of bed and dress.

You fall out into the breakfast line, an endless procession of khaki-clad men in a double column moving slowly down the winding corridors and into a mammoth mess hall painted white but which, in your mind, will always be gray. The odors of a thousand meals assail you. On every wall there are signs that read: "Take all you want but eat all you take. No waste!"

Silverware and plastic dishes are precisely aligned down the row after row of long tables. You pick up an aluminum tray as you follow in line to the steam tables. A trusty dumps brown porridge into a bowl, slides it onto your tray. Another tosses two slices of bread to you. At your table, huge pitchers of coffee send spirals of steam skyward.

For a little while, you sit on the wood bench at the wood table and stare at the aluminum tray. But once you take a mouthful, you find that you are hungry and eat everything. Only then do you lift your head to look around. There are at least 1,000 men in the mess hall. Those near you wear the quarantine khaki, but at other tables sit the men who have traded their khaki for the blues of the regular prison population. A thousand arms

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Prisons are constructed with one idea predominant over all others: security.

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shovel food into a thousand mouths. There is a tinkle of silverware and the clicking sound of coffee cups, but not a voice do you hear. There is no rule against talking, but to men with no yesterdays and no tomorrows, there is nothing to talk about except what happened today.

The whistle blows again. You join the shuffling column for the long walk back to the cell. At 8, the guard comes for you again.

You are given a physical examination and a battery of intelligence tests. Treating you as though you were a chart from which certain observations could be made, doctors and clerks call out to Authority with a pencil: "Vision, 20-20; pulse beat before exercise, 76; after exercise, 92; I. Q., 118." In a room where the clattering of typewriters all but drowns out any other sound, a stenographer takes down the answers you give to the shouted questions of Authority:

"Is this your first conviction?"

"Are you a light, moderate, heavy drinker?"

"What are the last three jobs you've held?"

In the afternoon, you are taken to the barbershop for a haircut. It leaves only a trace of fuzz on your head. "Don't get discouraged," says the barber, a convict. "After quarantine you'll get to use that comb the State gave you."

In the evening, the chaplain comes to see you. "After you've been given your work assignment and are settled down, I hope we'll see you in chapel each Sunday. Meanwhile, let me know if there's anything I can do."

You nod, not looking at him.

The days and nights drag by slowly. The tests are over. The aloneness has begun to pall on you. Then, one morning, you are called before the classification committee.

Nervously you walk into a massive room from whose gray walls portraits of past wardens look sternly down on you. It seems to take forever for you to walk the 20 paces to the great oak table around which sit solemn-faced men. You feel naked, somehow.

You stand before them, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. You recognize the warden, the principal keeper, the doctor, the chaplain, and the psychologist. They ask you questions:

"How are you feeling?"

"Have you ever serviced large trucks?"

"Would you like to work in the garage?"

"Would you be interested in studying something in the school?"

And they talk among themselves.

"It seems to me that a job in the garage would be perfect for this man. He's a good security risk so we don't have to worry about that part of it, and he knows engines."

They rustle their papers and whisper. The warden clears his throat: "The garage it is then. I think you'll like it. Now I don't anticipate any trouble from you. Don't disappoint me. You can learn some valuable things here and you'll be a better man for them—if you want to. Any time you have a grievance, I'm the man to see. Is there anything you'd like to ask now?"

You mutter, "No thank you, sir." You want to get back to your cell, to be alone and think. The words are coming too fast again.

The last days in quarantine drag;

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there are lectures in the morning and afternoon: how to make your bed, what hours the library is open, how many visitors you will be permitted each month, how many good-conduct days you can accumulate, when the parole board meets, what courses are taught at the school, what is expected of you in prison, what athletic teams you can try out for . . .

Sitting in the theater that doubles as a chapel, a gigantic, high-domed room so like all the other rooms you've seen inside the walls—all but the eight-by-ten-by-eight-foot cells—and listening to Authority, it's easy to let yourself think that you are back in school, or in the Army. The rules and regulations to be mastered, the Articles of War, the do's and don'ts. But the whistle always reminds you that this is no school, no Army. No GI column ever shuffled down the long corridors like the sad, lost men in quarantine. No college walls could ever duplicate the distinctive bleakness of prison gray. So, back in your cell, you acknowledge that you are in the penitentiary, and you resign yourself to it.

At 8 o'clock one morning, the guard comes. "Congratulations. This is your graduation day." He tosses a set of blues on your cot and grins. "Switch into these and pack your suitcases."

Mechanically, you put your razor, toothbrush, and comb in the center of your blanket and roll it up. As you start out the door behind the guard, you take a last look around the bare cell. You've gotten used to it by now. What's ahead frightens you a little. Things will be different now.

And they are—very different. Across the rocky field you go again, to cell block B. It is a huge, rectangular building. Inside, in the center of the floor and reaching as high as the uppermost of five tiers of cells, a guard tower overlooks catwalks, cells, men. Awestruck by its immensity, by the nakedness of every object and every human in the building, you follow the guard up to the fourth tier. Prisoners lean against the bars and talk to you as you walk past:

"Hi, kid! Welcome to the warden's favorite dormitory."

"What's new on the outside, pal?"

You smile at them weakly and are relieved to get inside your cell and sit down. It has been a long time since a human voice addressed you as an equal.

You look around. The cell is exactly like your quarantine cell, only more lived in. A set of earphones is on the chair. You put them on. Band music comes to your ears and you listen a moment. Then the announcer begins on a commercial, and you take the earphones off.

You lie down on the bed and stare at the ceiling. In this cell, in the mess hall, the garage, and on a few acres inside the wall, you will spend the next years of your life. It is hard to think about it that way, but that's how it is.

The first weeks pass quickly enough. Your job in the garage is, when you let it be, a spot to vent much of the fantasy and frustration of lonely hours in your narrow cell, of the dismal and desolate thoughts you have as you march to the mess hall in that shuffling line. You work on an engine or a chassis as you would never have worked on the

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Alone in a cell, there is plenty of time for thinking.

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To pass time, men once ignorant of the arts become avid painters, writers.

outside. It is as though there were a kind of personal relationship between you and the array of wires and bolts that have become your daily problem. More than your job, this is a part of your existence separate and far from the grayness of prison life.

Days fall into a routine so deep-set that it becomes difficult to separate weeks and months: awake at 6:30; breakfast; in the garage from 8 A.M. until 11:40; lunch; in the garage from 12:50 until 3:30; exercise and library privileges until 6:45; dinner. Except for free hours to read or play ball or just sit instead of working, Saturday and Sunday differ little. Two movies a week help to establish what day of the week it is.

You go through strange phases. Once, for weeks at a time, you have a mania about cleanliness. You bathe morning and night, scrub your hands and face every chance you get. Another time, you start to read your way right through the library stacks and have disposed of half a dozen shelves before you gain a degree of selectivity.

There are times of utter misery and desolation; there are times of high, unnatural hilarity. But always there is just time, stretching bleakly and endlessly ahead.

In conversation with the men in the garage, in that first burst of uninhibited reading, you learn a good deal about prisons. This is generally considered a good one by those who should know best—the inmates. For the first time, you hear the name of the late Warden Osborne, a man who tempered Authority with vision and gave some little meaning to the idea of prison rehabilitation. You learn that not too long ago, in many prisons, men walked in lock-

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Others, seeking the company of fellow humans, turn to chess, or just talk.

step—chains linking every leg in a column—that flogging and the "water cure" were meted out in punishment for minor infractions. And, from all the talk and all the reading, you know that for America's 160,000 convicts in 200 prisons, there is now, for the first time, a little hope.

In the first weeks, the men who march to the mess hall on either side of you, or who walk past the garage, or who brush you in the library, are only faces. All at once, they begin to become personalities, to have a character. Often you can spot the first offenders: on their faces is a perpetual look of slight confusion, the unasked question—"What am I doing here?" You see the old-timers and recognize the faint trace of scorn that seems never to leave their lips. There are old men here, heads white and bowed under the burden of years of law-evasion, and perhaps even more years of payment. There are youngsters here, cherry-cheeked and wide-eyed, and you wonder—when you have finally reached the point where you no longer spend all your time wondering about yourself—just what physical and mental transformations are taking place inside those young hearts and minds as days fade into months inside the great wall.

Here, working alongside the very dregs of human society, are doctors and teachers, rich men and men of culture. Somewhere, in a past that grows more ephemeral despite the frequency with which it is evoked, they had taken the misstep for which they now pay by a forfeit of life's most precious possessions—love and freedom. And in their conversation is the one phrase, repeated over and over, with which

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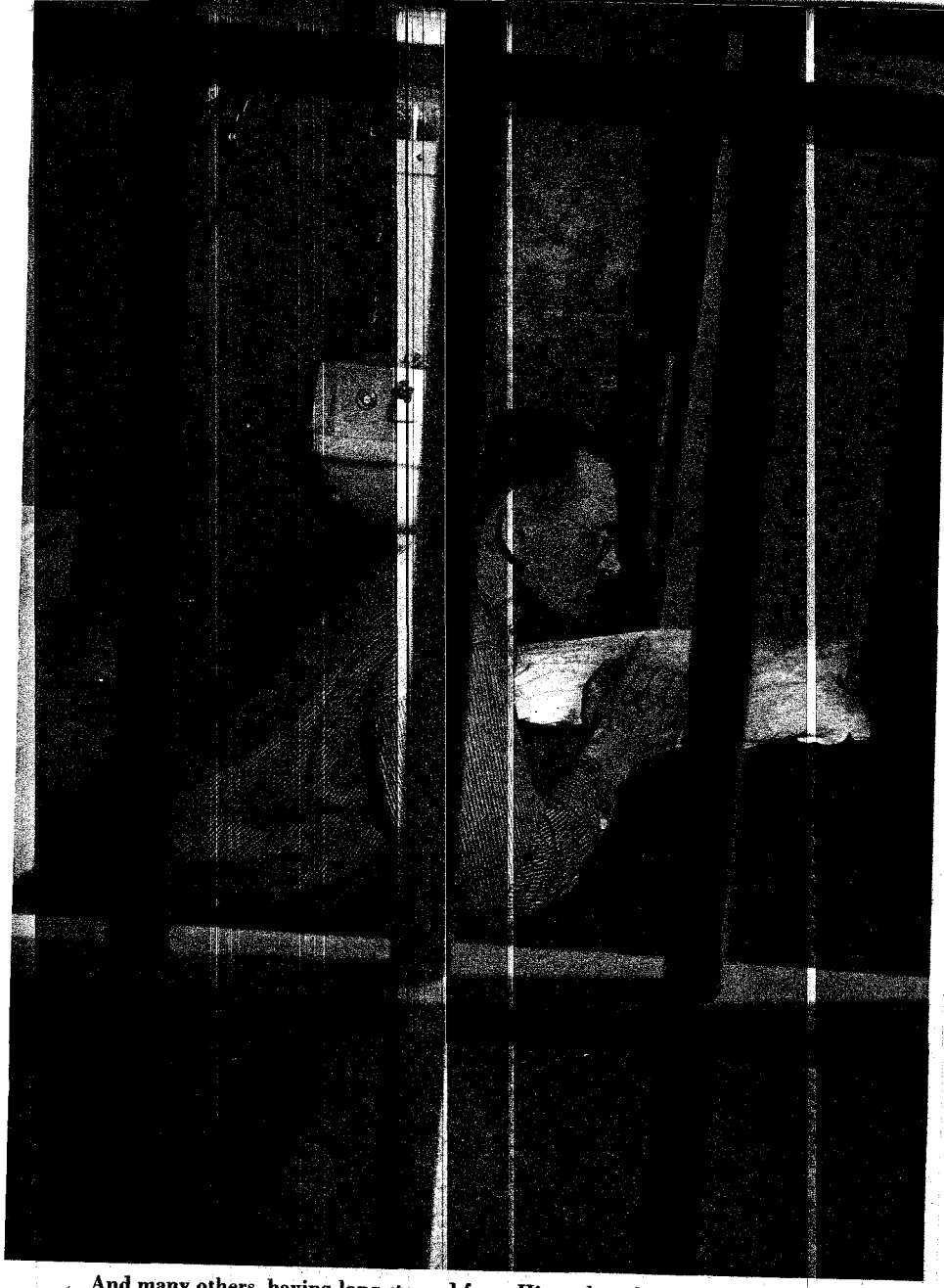

And many others, having long strayed from His path, at last turn back to God.

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the story of men behind bars begins and ends: "If I had only . . ."

You are learning that the men you once loosely thought of as "cons" are human beings of flesh and blood with an awful aggregate of misery, hate, hunger, and despair.

Shorn of any outlet for their most primary drives, strange tensions cross and recross their faces. In the mess hall, a photo of a nude, finger-marked and torn, is slipped into your hand with a throaty whisper: "Pass it along." Next to you, a man tries not to look over your shoulder, but his fingers tremble in greedy anticipation.

In the exercise yard, they beckon you to little groups that cluster around the storytellers. Even from a distance, you can see them savoring every filthy detail, remembering avidly, so that in the long hours of the dark night every single image can be evoked again.

You want to go. You want to "belong." You want to flee the utter emptiness of the gray walls and the gray images, even if only for a single stolen moment.

More than once, men with a look of abnormality sidle up to you. Their invitations are worded differently, but the question in their eyes is plain. You turn from them with a feeling of revulsion, but you cannot help experiencing a bottomless pity for their weakness. They did not all come here that way. In a world where punishment is measured by the length of time you are separated from all decency and all love, rare indeed is the man who is strong enough to resist every temptation, to "learn his lesson and prepare himself once again to face a free society on equal terms."

There is Shorty: he is a two-time loser now in the last year of a ten-year sentence. There is only one thought on Shorty's mind as his days of freedom approach—a bigger, better, and smarter job than the one in which he was caught, this despite the fact that his next conviction will put him back here for the rest of his life.

There is Clyde: luckier than most, he really learned something in prison. He learned to sculpture. And in all the landscape models he has done since he came here 14 years ago, there is not a single human, not a wall, not a fence, not a barrier of any sort. There are only beautiful, open, never-ending fields and meadows. In the world of clay and plaster in which Clyde lives, there is no obstacle to freedom, human or otherwise.

There is George: a woman is to blame for his being here. She wanted nice clothes and jewelry and George got them for her—the only way a guy like George could. He has been here only six months, but the woman has long since gone. And George has only a "Dear John" letter to prove that she ever existed. He isn't bitter about it; he is in a kind of permanent shock. There are those who say that George has begged the warden to let him stay after his time is up.

There is Pete, sly, nervous, snarling Pete: even in prison, he gets what he wants. No tobacco sacks and papers for Pete. Threats have given him all the commissary books and tailormade cigarettes he can use. In the exercise yard, almost any day, you can see Pete with a coterie of prisoners around him. "They can't hurt me," he

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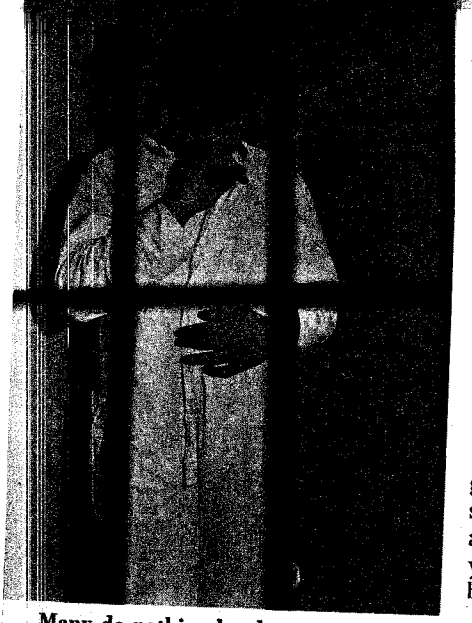
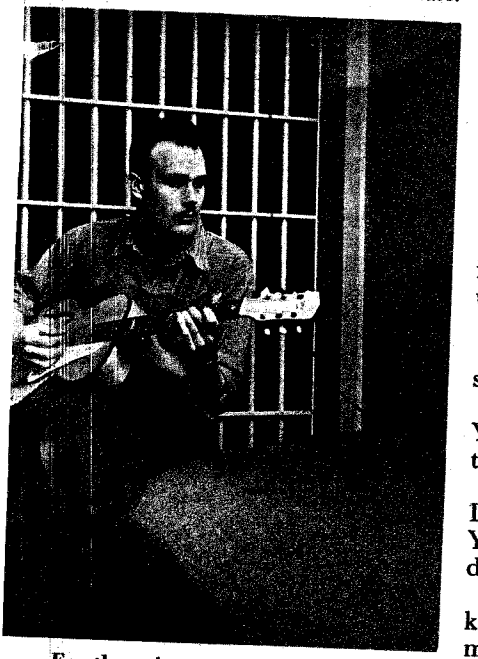


Many do nothing but bemoan their fate.



For those interested, there is music.

will be saying. "I can do this stretch standing on my ear!"

And slowly you come to know that you are part of a world that can never be normal. Even the best prison cannot induce a stable personality, the oft-voiced aim of prisons everywhere. You find yourself falling into the pattern of intrigue such as passing messages along the grapevine to the solitary cells. They have made it a game and since they have arranged it, you feel less of a man if you do not play.

One day, as you are leaving the garage, a small dark man falls in step alongside you and, without any preliminaries, says, "I hear that you're a right guy. You can do us both a favor."

There is a kind of choked agony in his voice, and you notice that his mouth twitches when he talks.

In short bursts of words, he goes on: "I got friends on the outside. They send me stuff. All I need is a guy in the garage who'll take it off a truck and bring it to me."

"What do you mean—stuff?" you ask him, puzzled.

"Stuff—weeds—coke." His voice is short with exasperation at your utter ignorance.

"You mean dope?"

"Yeah, yeah. Dope. What do you say, kid?"

You don't know what to say. You knew there was intrigue, but the enormity of this staggers you.

"I'll make it worth your while. I'll split the stuff with you, 50-50. You'll be living again, kid. What do you say?"

The temptation is powerful. Lord knows, you could use something to make life bearable. But something —you don't know what—makes you

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shake your head wordlessly, and with a vile oath the small dark man stalks off.

You don't report him, and you have no doubt that he will soon find some other "right guy" to do his errand.

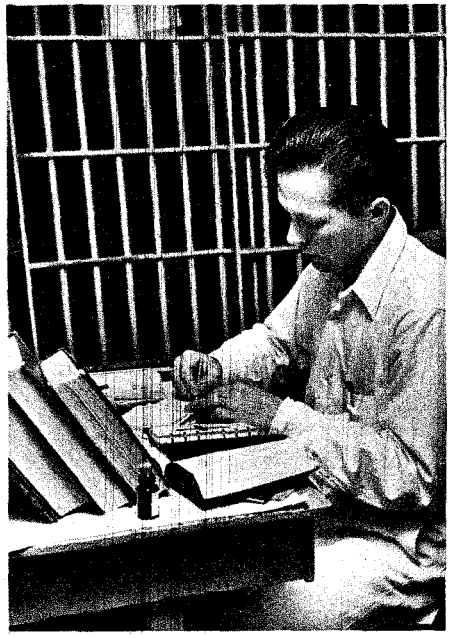
Spring comes. You walk down to the baseball field one afternoon to watch the team practice. From the right-field grandstand, you can see the river curving gently out of sight toward the city. As you sit there in the early evening, strange and powerful yearnings wash over you. For six months, you have seen nothing but concrete and steel, and now, without warning, you are hungering for the sound of a woman's voice, for the touch of anything that is warm and soft.

The sun sinks toward the water. You try to find that gently curving river bend again, but now the great wall obtrudes across your view. Almost frantically you search the horizon for a single vista that doesn't scream prison at you. But although you can still see the crocuses and the fresh, clean growth of another spring, it is against a background of prison gray.

With a long, shuddering sigh, you rise and walk slowly toward the library. There, at least for a few hours, is escape. At the entrance, you pause. Down by the river, the sun shimmers on a glassy surface. In a few days, the daffodils will bloom along the walk outside the library. In a few days . . .

Oh, Lord, you say in your heart, help me to live through this! Help me to survive the long, gray, endless years that stretch before me. Let me come out of this a whole man. Let me live again!

Trusties enjoy certain privileges.



And there is ample opportunity to learn.

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But more than anything, there is time for reflection, time to repent.

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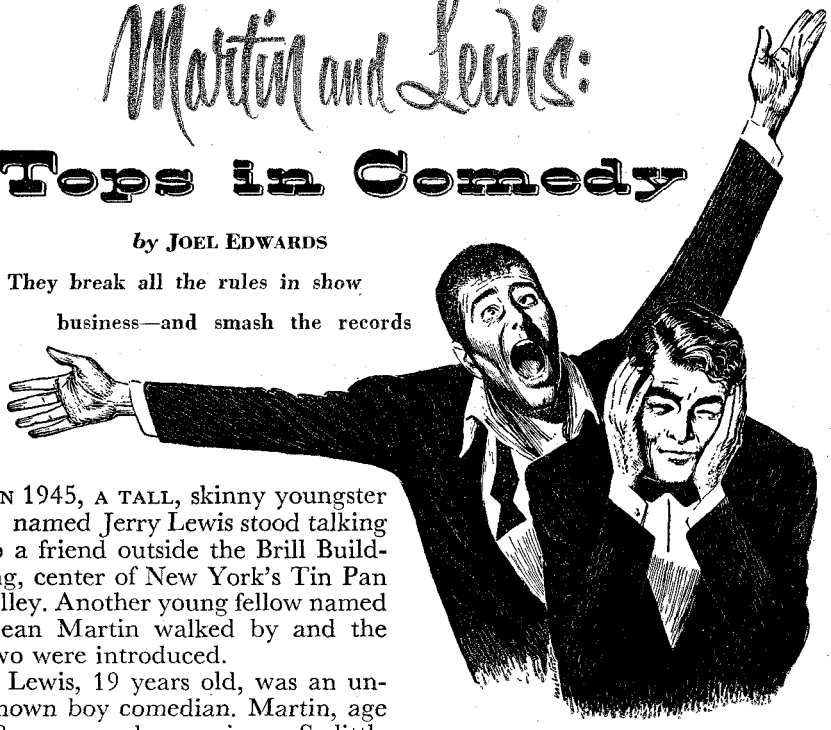
Martin and Lewis: Tops in Comedy

by JOEL EDWARDS

They break all the rules in show business—and smash the records



IN 1945, A TALL, skinny youngster named Jerry Lewis stood talking to a friend outside the Brill Building, center of New York's Tin Pan Alley. Another young fellow named Dean Martin walked by and the two were introduced.

Lewis, 19 years old, was an unknown boy comedian. Martin, age 28, was an unknown singer. So little did either one impress the other at this first meeting that they cannot to this day remember the name of the mutual friend who got them to shake hands. They merely said, "Glad to meet you," and went their separate ways.

Yet that meeting started a new chapter in show-business history. Today Martin and Lewis are the newest, youngest, and most outrageous comedy team in the country—and they are also what show people call the "hottest." Just how "hot" was demonstrated last summer at New York's Paramount Theater. Martin and Lewis were there for two weeks, and at the end of that time it was a wonder the building still stood.

The line waiting outside was so long, from early morning until late at night, that the Paramount doorman did an unprecedented thing. He walked up and down the line, saying: "Please, folks. There's a fine show down the street at the Capitol. Why don't you go there?"

Inside there was sheer pandemonium. People fought for good seats, for any kind of seats. They even fought one another—as well as fire captains trying to enforce safety laws—for standing room in the

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aisles. They whistled, cheered, swooned, laughed their heads off, and made so much noise that sometimes it was impossible to hear what was happening on stage.

As part of the act, Lewis knocked a microphone off the stage; Martin dove to rescue it. For a split second at each performance, therefore, Martin's head and shoulders protruded from the stage, just over the left-hand aisle. One girl sat through two shows learning the timing, then at the third show raced down the aisle, snatched Martin's tie, and raced from the theater to the cheers of hundreds of other girls who wished they had thought of the same idea.

After every show, hundreds of bobby-soxers—and older women too—massed in the street outside the stage door, begging for a closer glimpse of their new idols. One girl used her lipstick to pencil a giant heart on the theater wall, with the inscription, "M. H. loves Martin and Lewis." By the end of the engagement, a score of other girls had added, with their own lipsticks, "So does A. G." "So does Mary K." "So do B. L. and F. W."

Martin and Lewis—still only 34 and 25—broke every attendance record at the Paramount. They smashed the old marks set by Frank Sinatra in the days when girls were fainting at first sound of his voice, and by Bob Hope at the peak of his wartime popularity.

For their two weeks' work, Martin and Lewis received a pay check for $144,000. And the entertainment world, although it is used to box-car figures, gasped in awe.

Separately, Martin and Lewis were nobodies. Together, they are a sensation—probably because the team has something for everybody.

Dean Martin is Mr. Sex Appeal. His curly black hair is tousled; his brown eyes are liquid; he has that casual, devil-may-care look women love. He can sing as well as anybody if he wants to. But usually he prefers to "kick the song around"—not straining himself, just playing with the lyrics like a young man in a canoe on a moonlit night.

Jerry Lewis is Mr. Zany. He stands six feet tall and weighs 137 pounds in his overcoat—a skinny, knobby, string bean who can get a laugh just by rolling up his pant-legs. His face is rubber; it contorts into the most outrageous expressions of bafflement, incompetence, anger, and maniacal glee. His mouth opens as wide as a whale's, displaying long teeth that appear to have been stolen from a horse. His squeaky voice is unpredictable, sometimes coming out in a ten-year-old's parody of Ezio Pinza, sometimes emerging in a high and helpless squeak.

Poor Jerry never does anything right. When he sings, his voice runs away from him. When he dances, he looks as if his lanky frame is about to break in the middle and his long legs about to fly from their hinges. His teeth pop out and his eyes roll madly in their sockets, crossing, uncrossing, and pointing at the walls.

Even in Irvington, N. J., high school, long before he had perfected his comic mannerisms, his classmates called him "Id"—short for Idiot. Now that his talent is in full bloom, the best description has been coined by columnist Earl Wilson: "He looks like something that a missionary might have decided wasn't worth bothering about."

The great thing about Jerry, how-

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ever, is that he is a *lovable* madman. As one of his agents has said, "Jerry gets sympathy. And when you've got sympathy, you can do anything with an audience."

NOBODY—not even Martin and Lewis—knows quite what to expect when they step on a stage or in front of a television camera.

When they were on the night-club circuit, before TV appearances thrust them into national renown, Martin used to sing a medley of old Al Jolson favorites, including *April Showers*. One night without warning, the minute Martin went into the lyrics, Lewis emptied a pitcher of water over him.

Lewis and the audience thought this was hilarious, although Martin had serious reservations about it. At any rate, they decided to keep it as part of the act. But at the very next performance, Martin retaliated. Just before Lewis was to drench him, he blandly opened an umbrella, spread it nonchalantly over his head, and left Lewis sputtering with impotent rage.

Even Lewis' crew cut, which has become his trademark and which incidentally enables him to do a perfect imitation of a monkey without half trying, was the result of a practical joke. Lewis used to have a long black pompadour, of which he was quite proud. But one day while he was getting a haircut in the dressing room of a Chicago club, Martin slipped the barber a ten-dollar bill.

"Give him a real GI haircut," he told the barber.

When Lewis looked into the mirror he nearly fainted. But at his next on-stage appearance, people laughed before he even opened his mouth. Lewis knows a good thing when he sees it—and the crew cut became a permanent institution.

Lewis, whose real family name is Levitch, was destined for the stage by birth. His father was—and is—a vaudeville singer under the name of Danny Lewis. Unlike his son, he is the matinee-idol type, and has preferred to do straight singing. "Whatever talent I have is inherited," young Jerry says. "My father would have been the world's greatest comic—except that he wouldn't muss his hair."

When Lewis was a youngster, working summers as an usher, he once was fired by the assistant manager at the Paramount Theater, the very place where he has now set attendance records. By coincidence, the man who fired him is now manager of the Paramount, and thus was the one who turned over that fabulous $144,000 pay check.

Lewis also was fired as a waiter at a Catskill summer resort. But the way this firing took place was the first break he got in show business. He had a fall and his arm was fractured. While recuperating, unable to work on tables, he spent his time chatting with guests. The manager soon noticed that the group around Lewis always seemed to be in stitches—so he fired Lewis as a waiter and gave him a job as entertainer.

At the time he first met Dean Martin, Jerry had developed what is called a "record act." While a phonograph record of the voice of opera star Igor Gorin was played, Lewis would pretend to sing—with outrageously exaggerated gestures and grimaces.

All this was pretty funny, but un-

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fortunately almost any aspiring comedian could do the same thing. Jerry earned only $150 a week (peanuts in show business), when indeed he worked at all.

DEAN MARTIN, in contrast to Lewis, got into show business strictly by accident. He was born Dino Crocetti, son of a barber in Steubenville, Ohio. When he left high school to go to work in the steel mills, he was a big, good-looking, good-natured youngster, without much of an aim in life except to have a good time.

The steel mills were not his idea of fun, so young Dino soon found more congenial if less respectable employment in one of the "cigar stores" that dotted Steubenville. In more candid words, he became the dealer in a back-room dice game.

Dino might have remained in the "cigar store" environment indefinitely had it not been for one of those spectacular acts of human kindness that make truth much stranger than fiction. Whenever young Dino was invited to a party in Steubenville, he was sure to be called on for a song. Even as a boy he had possessed a fine and true natural voice, and as he matured it turned into a rich baritone.

One night a visiting band leader heard him, and offered Dino $60 a week to travel with the band. Dino turned it down.

"I'm making $125 a week," he said. "Why should I switch?"

The other men who worked with Dino in the "cigar store" had a different reaction. Older and wiser, they knew that being a dice-game dealer was no job for a boy with a chance at respectability, and so they decided to make Dino take the new job. They knew only one way to enforce their decision. They simply stopped speaking to Dino. Finally he took the hint—and left to take the job with the band.

Soon he was back, discouraged about his singing and his pay. The "cigar-store" workers held another quiet conference. One of them took Dino aside and said, "Go back. When you need money, we'll send it to you."

Dino went back. He changed his name to Dino Martini, and finally to Dean Martin. He sang in his same old Saturday-night baritone, and audiences in bush-league night clubs and dance halls thought he was pretty good.

One night in 1942, a talent scout for the Music Corporation of America, the big agency which manages the affairs of so many top entertainers, heard him perform. The agent wired back a report: "I can't make this kid out. He's either the greatest thing I ever saw or the worst. But I suggest we sign him."

The agency did—and soon landed Martin a job beyond his fondest hopes. He was booked into the Riobomba, a big night club that flourished during the early wartime years in New York.

Unfortunately, he followed another rising young singer—a fellow by the name of Sinatra—who had just played a sensational engagement. As Martin says now: "When Frank left, he took all the money and all the people with him. Nobody came to hear *me*."

Martin went back to the minor leagues, and when he first met Jerry outside the Brill Building he and Lewis were both in about the

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same class. Although both of the boys walked away unimpressed that day, they fortunately met again at a party one night. Soon they met again in an agent's office, and once they played the same theater bill. All of a sudden they found they liked each other very much.

At that point began one of the strangest friendships on record. Their work kept them apart in scattered cities, but often their paths would miss only by days. Playing in Pittsburgh, Lewis would learn that Martin would follow him by a week; he would leave a note on the dressing-room mirror. Martin, learning that Lewis would soon follow him at a night club in Philadelphia, would tack a note on the dressing-room door.

In 1946, Lewis was at the 500 Club in Atlantic City, when a singer in the floor show walked out in a huff and the manager had to find a replacement in a hurry. Via the dressing-room notes, Lewis knew Martin was out of a job, so he told the manager: "I've got a friend in Chicago who could help. What's more, he and I would be terrific in the same show."

Martin was hired, but unfortunately it turned out that Lewis was guilty of a slight overstatement when he predicted that he and his friend would be "terrific." Lewis did his record act, which was not going over very well at the 500 Club. Martin sang his usual songs, pretty well but not sensationally.

That night the manager said: "I'm not impressed. You two fellows are supposed to be terrific together. So get terrific or get out."

All next day, Martin and Lewis racked their brains. What could they do that would be new and different? No ideas seemed to strike. They went on stage that night without a thought. Martin began singing. Lewis, from genius or desperation, began to interrupt him. He came out, in his loose-jointed monkey shuffle, made his most serious face, tapped Martin on the shoulder, and announced in his squeaky voice, "Sir, your car is waiting."

On paper it sounds like nothing; all of the Martin and Lewis jokes do. In person, it surprised and delighted the audience. Inspired by the reaction, Lewis invented other interruptions and finally joined in the singing. As he recalls it now, "I loused him up but good."

All of a sudden both of them could sense triumph in the air. They chased waiters through the aisles; they took over trays and ostentatiously spilled water and smashed dishes. Finally Lewis got the startled customers to join in a wild Conga line—and the team of Martin and Lewis had been established. The two young men just went crazy and everybody loved it.

Next night they tried the same thing again, and then it became quite clear that their insanity had as many facets as a diamond. As Lewis says: "We started out to do the same thing, and everything managed to come out different. I guess we're just nuts."

From that day to this, the team of Martin and Lewis has never needed a script to follow. They try to follow one on their television shows, but are at their best when they forget it. The fact is, they simply bring out the zany in each other, spontaneous and unrehearsed.

Offstage they are quite different;

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Lewis, the man who is obviously nuttier than a fruitcake, is solemn and studious, always practicing new dance steps and figuring out new ways to cross his eyes, while Martin, the on-stage straight man, is an irrepressible cutup.

They both have wives and families, but they live miles from each other in the movie colony around Los Angeles and seldom cross paths socially. Nevertheless they are still inseparable friends. Everything either one does complements and emphasizes the other's talents.

During their first success in Atlantic City, one booking agent saw the show, found himself laughing harder than ever before in his life, but wound up with this reservation: "Sure, Martin and Lewis are great here, in a honky-tonk atmosphere. But where else can you put their act? In the Bronx Zoo?"

The Martin and Lewis success on television, their record-setting performance at the Paramount, and the box-office returns from their movies all prove that the act can be put on anywhere, and that the public's capacity to laugh is still alive. Also, their amazing achievements prove again that, in an ever-changing America, there is always room at the top for young men who can figure out a way to get there.

When Washington Lost

WHILE RECONNOITERING in Westmoreland County, Virginia, one of General Washington's young officers noticed a fine team of horses being driven before the plow by a burly slave. They happened to be exactly the kind of animals he was looking for.

The officer threw back his cavalier cloak to display the ensign of his rank and attempted to commandeer them then and there.

"Have to see missus! Have to see missus!" the slave protested, waving his hand toward where the towers of a fine old mansion rose above a growth of cedars.

The officer turned up the carriage road and soon was pounding the great brass knocker on the front door. Quickly it swung inward upon its ponderous hinges and a grave majestic-looking woman confronted him with an air of inquiry.

"Madam," said the officer, doffing his hat, "I have come to claim your horses in the name of the Government."

"My horses? Sir, you cannot have them. My crops are still out and I need them in the field."

"I am sorry," said the officer, "but I must have them, madam. Such are the orders of my chief."

"Your chief?" she demanded. "Who is your chief, pray?"

"The commander of the American army, General George Washington," replied the officer, squaring his shoulders proudly.

A smile softened the sternness of the woman's features. "You go and tell General Washington for me," she said, "that his mother says he cannot have her horses."

—DAN BENNETT

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The Devil's Footprints

by FRELING FOSTER

ONE OF THE eeriest visitations from the unknown ever recorded occurred in England one wintry night almost 100 years ago.

It was a night that men in Devonshire would long remember, that February 1, 1855. Some strange creature, whose identity was never discovered or presence explained, was abroad in the fields. In the deep snow it left a trail of footprints the like of which no one had ever seen before.

In size and shape they resembled those of a large hooved creature. But they preceded each other in a straight line as if made by a tightrope walker.

The tracks passed through 17 towns for a distance of 100 miles, left the roads and crossed fields, woods, and gardens, ran along the tops of fences, stopped on a river bank and resumed on the other side, and passed over farmhouse roofs like the line of a pencil. No one in the area of the tracks saw or heard anything.

For weeks, all England was puzzled by the weird footprints. Scientists declared that no known animal could have made them or pursued such a peculiar course. Superstitious souls were sure Satan himself had crossed the countryside that night. The truth was never discovered.

To this day, the mystery of the "Devil's Footprints" remains unsolved.

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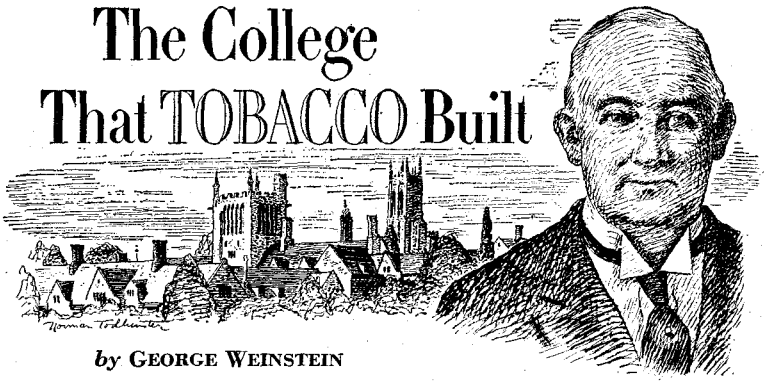
The College That TOBACCO Built



by GEORGE WEINSTEIN

The dynamic spirit of James Duke still hovers over the great school he founded

A GROUP OF INDIGNANT Duke University students collected on the campus one afternoon in 1949 and began denouncing the Duke Power Company for raising bus fares in and around Durham, North Carolina, where the college is located. The tariff had been hiked from a nickel to a dime and the campus was up in arms.

"Let's boycott the buses," someone suggested, and the crowd yelled approval. "And let's send a protest to the state capital!"

Next morning the boycott was on. Shoe leather, roller skates, bicycles, motorcycles, the jerking thumb, provided transportation. Within a few days a formal protest was presented to the State Utilities Commission.

Wherever James (Buck) Duke's spirit was at the time, it must have been proud of those boys and girls. And perhaps Duke's spirit was looking back, too, on the little incident which touched off one of the greatest benefactions ever made.

In the early 1920s, Duke's private railroad car, the *Doris*, had halted at a siding in a small North Carolina town. As the famous tobacco tycoon started down the steps, a skinny urchin wriggled his way through the crowd and asked timidly, "Mister, can you cure fits?"

The crowd laughed, but Duke, gazing into the peaked little face, saw nothing funny. He took the boy by the hand and led him into the lounge of the *Doris*.

"What's wrong, son?"

The youngster's father was subject to nervous seizures and no one seemed to know what to do about them. The attacks were becoming worse, forcing the family breadwinner to lose time from his job at the local mill. Duke promised the boy he would do something about it, and within a short time the father was receiving top medical care.

The incident made a deep imprint on this man who had spent practically all of his life piling up money. His career had begun at the

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age when he had helped lead his father's two blind mules on a tobacco-peddling trip through the Carolina countryside. By the time he was 33, Buck Duke had organized and become president of the American Tobacco Company, which, under his tireless genius, became a $300,000,000 world empire.

There must be thousands of other Carolina people who were being neglected, thought Duke. Couldn't hospitals, doctors, research facilities, and education help them? His answer came with the dramatic announcement of a $40,000,000 endowment—he eventually added another 40—which was to benefit the people of North and South Carolina. The shabby hospitals of both states were to be transformed into a modern hospital system—for Negroes as well as whites. Orphanages, colleges, churches were to share the windfall.

And, finally, a great center of learning and research was to be built, to serve not only the Carolinas but the entire South. This was to be Duke University and it would include "the best medical school, by golly, between Baltimore and New Orleans!"

DUKE'S FAMILY, for years back, had been interested in Trinity College, which had started as a log cabin in the Carolina backwoods, and now was located on the site of an old race track in Durham. With some artful help from Trinity's President Few, Duke became convinced that this small school could be the core of the new university. And so, in his usual dynamic fashion, he set machinery in motion.

Old Trinity was to be rebuilt as the girls' campus. A mile away, an 8,000-acre pine forest was picked for the site of the men's college. But Duke never lived to see his dream come true, for he died in 1925, just as construction was getting under way.

All told, 50-odd gray-stone buildings, combining the best architectural features of Oxford, Princeton, and Cambridge went up, laid out in landscaped quadrangles. Dominating the scene is the great cathedral-like chapel, reaching 210 feet into the sky. Its 77 rare stained-glass windows contain a million pieces. All in all, many observers consider Duke the most beautiful and complete college in America.

But Buck Duke knew that beauty alone could not make a great university. He told his trustees: "Pay even more attention to faculty than to buildings. Get the ablest men you can find, no matter where."

The trustees decided their best bet would be not big-name professors, but promising young men with vision—men like John Spencer Bassett and his fellow members of the faculty of old Trinity. Next, Wilburt Davison was picked as dean of the medical school, and in less than 20 years he built one of the most highly regarded institutions in the country.

Today, the superb facilities of its hospital are available to everyone. Patients come not only from every county in North Carolina but from 36 states. A fourth of them pay nothing. Its clinics have treated close to 400,000 people.

Several Duke Hospital specialties are internationally known. The famous rice treatment of Dr. Walter Kempner, for example, draws hy-

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pertension sufferers from as far away as South Africa. Pellagra, once the South's most widespread disease, has practically disappeared, due largely to Duke's work with niacin. And its sterility clinic has helped thousands of childless couples to become proud parents.

Other Duke departments are also distinguishing themselves. Psychologist J. B. Rhine, whose laboratory equipment consists of such items as a deck of cards and a pair of dice, is generally accepted as the greatest authority on mental telepathy and clairvoyance. His investigations tend to show that the human mind possesses a sixth sense, which he calls Extra Sensory Perception, or ESP.

In one experiment, Rhine uses a special deck of 25 cards made up in five suits. The deck is shuffled and the subject tries to name the suit of the top card. He then tries the next one and so on through the deck. The cards are reshuffled and the process repeated.

Ordinarily the subject should average five right in each deck. But many are able to make scores of ten, day in, day out. And, almost incredibly, a few even name all 25 cards—a 298-trillion-to-one shot. Something more than pure chance must be at work. ESP seems to be the answer.

Duke's Law School, also top-ranking, operates on an unusual plan. Its textbooks are real people, 400 of them every year, who come to the free Legal Aid Clinic for help. Students are assigned to clinic offices in Durham, where, under supervision of outstanding lawyers, they tackle every type of case from murder downward.

The Divinity School works along the same practical lines. Its students, sent out as apprentice pastors, may learn to repair leaking roofs and run playgrounds, as well as conduct evangelistic meetings.

The Duke library, with 1,000,000 volumes and an important manuscript collection, is the largest in the South. Its Graduate School of Forestry and its Marine Laboratory are among the few of their kind in the country. Graduates of the 7,000-acre Duke Forest "classroom" can be found working all over the world.

DUKE'S SNOWBALLING reputation is making it one of the toughest schools in the country to get into. About 5,500 apply for admission each year, but only 1,669 make it. Enrollment is being held to the present figure of about 4,700 because, as one student puts it, "With ten or fifteen guys in a class, the prof doesn't give you any of this I-should-like-to-see-you-after-class stuff. He's more likely to say, 'Joe, let's go over to the "Dope Shop" for a Coke and see if we can fix up that theme of yours.' "

Even the dean's office—a place most college students try to avoid—operates that way. Dean Bob Cox is known around the campus as the man who tries to keep you in school, not throw you out. As a result, everybody comes to him with personal troubles.

One morning not long ago, a graduate student walked into Cox's office, opened his wallet, counted $250 in small bills, and said, "I'd like to establish the Dean Robert Cox Scholarship Fund."

Cox remembered the case. The boy had got into a serious mess, so

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serious that not even Cox had been able to keep him from being expelled. About a year later, the boy tried to re-enter Duke, but found himself against a stone wall.

Cox had a talk with him and was convinced that he deserved another chance. Then he made the rounds of adamant officers and softened them up. The boy is now accumulating an excellent record—and saving every spare dollar for that scholarship fund.

The Duke campus may look like a country club, but there are few well-heeled students driving flashy convertibles to be seen. About 500 boys and girls enjoy scholarships, for which they must show financial need. Five hundred more are working their way through school at all kinds of jobs—as house painters, ward attendants, truck drivers, laundrymen, and the like.

With all of Duke's emphasis on high standards and hard work, the boys and girls manage to have fun. Lots of dances, the regular Sunday Night Sings, cabin parties in Duke Forest, make for plenty of traffic across the drive which connects the two campuses. The "purity lights" which flood the "Duchesses' " campus at night bring gripes from the "Dukes"—but no letup in dates.

This "college that tobacco built" has come a long way in a couple of decades—as far as many schools go in a couple of centuries. Its faculty and 26,000 alumni would have much to brag about if they could all be brought together in one huge homecoming. Standouts from every field of endeavor—from Ace Parker, one of the all-time greats of professional football, to James R. Killian, brilliant young president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology—would be there to sing the praises of Duke.

And Buck Duke himself, beaming down on them from his marble statue, could very pardonably ask: "I wonder if they mean me, too?"

Temper! Temper!

MANY PEOPLE, losing their tempers, write letters that later bring deep regret. A temper is a fine thing if kept under control, but a bad thing when it runs riot.

If any man ever had occasion to lose his temper, that man was Abraham Lincoln. His patience was sorely tried by friends as well as foes, but he was a master of self-control.

A man once came to him to complain bitterly of another. Lincoln advised him to put his invective in a letter. The letter was written and read to Lincoln, who commended it for its severity. The writer was pleased at Lincoln's reaction and asked, "How would you advise me to send it?"

"Send it?" replied Lincoln. "Oh, I wouldn't send it. I sometimes write a letter like that and it does me good, but I never send it."

—Highways of Happiness

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Grin and

A YOUNG SCIENTIST perfected a jet projectile with a camera attachment. He set it off in the testing grounds of New Mexico, and it flew straight up for 500 miles. When it reached the peak of its flight, up beyond the stratosphere, the camera instrument clicked to photograph the entire earth.

"How'd the picture come out?" the scientist was asked.

"No good," he replied. "Somebody moved." —LEONARD LYONS

THEY WERE BOTH secretaries, worked in the same office, and decided to take their vacation together in the winter at a Florida seashore resort. It was their first experience with the ocean, and things were dull until the night of the midweek dance, when one of them met a fascinating yachtsman.

The next afternoon she dragged herself up the steps to the hotel porch and sank wearily into a chair.

"Well, how was the cruise?" her friend asked eagerly.

"Don't ask," was the disillusioned reply. "That man not only lied to me about the size of his yacht . . . he made me do the rowing." —HILDA HEYM

HORACE GREELEY was a gentleman with decided opinions. When he had one concerning the editorial policy of his paper he enforced it with mailed fist.

One of his ideas which was most irritating to his staff concerned the key word of any newspaper—news. Despite the fact that Mr. Webster defined the word as plural in form but singular in use, Greeley took issue with the dictionary. The word, ending as it did in "S," was undoubtedly plural, he maintained, and plural at all times. Therefore it was always to be so handled.

Mr. Greeley once telegraphed a reporter from whom he had had no word for 24 hours: "WHAT ARE YOU DOING STOP ARE THERE ANY NEWS?"

The man promptly wired back: "NOT A NEW." —MARY ALKUS

IN A NEW YORK restaurant, a woman was overheard to tell her henpecked husband: "Keep quiet. When I want your opinion I'll give it to you!" —BILL KEISLER

A SALESMAN for a junior encyclopedia, his foot in the doorway, was fast-talking the young mother of a five-year-old boy and refusing to take no for an answer.

"This set of books will answer each and every question your child will ever ask," he said glibly, patting the boy on the head. "You'll never be at a loss for an answer with these. Go ahead, sonny—" he opened one of the books "—ask me a question, any question, and I'll show your mother how easy it is to answer by looking in the book."

The little fellow thought for a

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Share It

few seconds, then asked: "What kind of a car does God drive?"

Without a word the salesman folded his brief case and faded down the street. —DAN VALENTINE

TWO POLITICAL officeholders were dourly discussing the behavior of one of the faithful who had been put on the county pay roll.

"I thought," said one politico, "when we rewarded him with that soft job down at the county jail, he would be satisfied. Why, about all that bird has to do is tear a page off the office calendar each month!"

The other sighed. "I know," he rejoined, "but now he's starting to complain that February is such a short month!"

DURING A CHAT between two ladies, the conversation quite naturally veered around to the high cost of living.

"It's really terrible how the rise in prices has affected us," said the first one sadly. "Why, do you know that my bills for clothes this year are exactly double what they were last year?"

"Goodness!" gasped the other. "I don't see how your husband can afford it."

"He can't," replied the first calmly. "But then, he couldn't afford it last year either, so what's the difference?" —*Wall Street Journal*

A FORMER GOVERNOR of the Virgin Islands had to make a call on the Secretary of the Interior. The doorkeeper inquired his name, was told "Cramer," and relayed the information via telephone to the inner sanctum.

Half an hour passed, then 20 minutes more. The Governor decided he had perhaps not identified himself sufficiently, so he repeated his name to the doorkeeper and added the information that he was Governor of the Virgin Islands.

Embarrassed by his omission, the flustered doorkeeper quickly picked up the telephone and announced: "Mr. Secretary, there's a virgin here to see you from Governor's Island!"

—FRANCES RODMAN

BROWN'S FISHING venture had been a flop, and on his way home he entered the local fish market. When the dealer asked what he wanted, Brown said, "Just stand over there and throw me five of the biggest trout you have."

"Throw 'em? What for?" asked the dealer in amazement.

"So I can tell the wife I caught them," replied Brown. "I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

—F. G. KERNAN

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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Russia's Master Spy

by LOUIS I. FREED

THEY CAME in a stream of taxis and limousines, that mild April evening of 1938. They came from every foreign post in Tokyo, from every important Japanese circle, in top hats and tuxedos; in uniforms arrayed with ribbons and medals; in gowns of silk and satin.

The German embassy was celebrating Maj. Gen. Eugen Ott's elevation from the rank of military attaché to the post of Hitler's ambassador to Japan.

In the brilliantly lighted room, the resplendent guests stood in line to shake hands with the new ambassador, a proud *Junker* who smiled stiffly as he stood with his lovely blonde *Frau* at his side.

If there were any lifted eyebrows in that long line of guests, it was at the appearance near the new ambassador of the tall, stocky man with thick brown hair and hard gray eyes.

"Allow me to introduce my dear friend, Dr. Richard Sorge," the ambassador said, "our very astute correspondent from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, a great German newspaper."

Those who knew Richard Sorge knew him as a swashbuckling personality, a hard drinker and a lover with few morals; yet few suspected the mask that covered this "dear friend" of the ambassador.

For Dr. Sorge in reality was an agent of the Kremlin—a Moscow-trained spy who was masterminding a tight little band of conspirators in Japan. In the end, Sorge's group proved itself the greatest espionage ring in history.

When the last guest had moved on, Ott wearily turned to Sorge. "I will ask the Foreign Office for permission to appoint you as my press attaché. You are a party member, of course?"

Sorge hesitated a moment, pretending to consider Ott's offer. Although he had maneuvered toward it, he was surprised to get it so quickly. "Your offer flatters me," he said quietly. "It is a tremendous opportunity—to be of service." He smiled, then added—"Of course, I have been a dues-paying National Socialist since our *Führer* took power in '33."

"Fine," said Ott cheerfully,

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"there will be no obstacles then. Let's drink to it."

Sorge exulted inwardly. What a stroke of fortune for himself and for the Kremlin. Now he had a pipeline right out of the German embassy!

Sorge's friendship for Ott had been a strange business. In reality, it was *Frau* Ott to whom he had grown very close. Beautiful, warm, responsive—she was the lovely key to the upper strata of German society and diplomacy. It was through her that Sorge had become a "friend of the family."

In the taxi carrying him through the dark Tokyo streets to his home in the suburb of Azabu-Ku, Sorge reviewed the catapulting incidents of the evening. He had noted from the corner of his eye the movements of Ozaki Hozumi, intimate friend and unofficial adviser to the Emperor's prime minister. No sign of recognition had passed between him and Ozaki, for one of the cardinal rules for Sorge's spy ring was that members should never become publicly identified as friends. And Ozaki was his chief lieutenant.

Sorge went over in his mind how in the past five years he had carefully recruited his group, based on four basic rules of security. The first was that no Russian should be a member of his ring; second, that no member of the Japanese Communist Party was to be a member; third, that there should be little contact with the Russian Embassy; fourth, that his group was to be a small, compact unit of 16.

He had picked Ozaki. They had met previously in China and he noted how cleverly the little Japanese was rendering top-level service to the Comintern even then. When Sorge reached Japan he made secret contact with him.

In Moscow, Sorge had met another old comrade from China—Max Klausen. A squat, pudgy German, Klausen was a radio genius. By different routes, the pair were reunited in Tokyo. Klausen built a transmitter so small it could be carried in a brief case, yet so powerful it could broadcast to Vladivostok and receive messages in return on a secret wave length. Now he was sending hundreds of secret messages weekly to Moscow.

Recently, Sorge had been disturbed by the addition of two Japanese-Americans sent him from San Francisco—Miyagi Yotoku and Mrs. Kitabayashi Tomo. Miyagi was a frail consumptive, and the woman had set herself up as a practicing Christian and ran a boarding-house. They were excellent collectors of important industrial information, yet he had a worried feeling, particularly about the woman. At one time she had been a member of the Communist Party. It contained a seed of insecurity . . .

SORGE HAD BARELY completed negotiations to become German press attaché—when Moscow received his first "inside" tip. Hitler was scheming to annex the Sudeten area in Czechoslovakia. Because of Sorge, Moscow was able to warn the nations of Europe. But none heeded.

The British and French prime ministers signed a pact at Munich, promising "peace in our time." Stalin was bitter. But Sorge comforted Moscow with his messages: "The pact won't last. Hitler will tear it up."

The spring of 1939 rolled around

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and Stalin was galvanized with fear —fear of a two-front war. For Sorge was warning that Germany and Japan were discussing an anti-Comintern treaty. Russia faced Hitler on her western front, Hirohito on her eastern front—and she was not prepared to fight either.

Messages crackled into Klausen's tiny radio receiver. "Try to balk the treaty, weaken it, disrupt it."

In out-of-the-way spots, Sorge and Ozaki conferred. Into the ears of Ott, Sorge poured subtle anti-Japanese poison. The wily Oriental, he implied, would not keep promises. Tokyo wants Manchuria; she will not fight in Siberia. Ott listened, then counseled the German representatives to be firm.

Before leading members of the Japanese cabinet, Ozaki quietly expounded some patriotic Japanese sentiments: "Will not a military alliance with Hitler bind us to ventures of dubious value? China lies ready to be plucked. Shall we permit our blood to be spilled in barren Siberia because of an alliance that will do us little good?"

The Japanese leaders listened, and the Germans went back to Berlin with a hollow treaty.

Messages of the failure of the Hitler-Hirohito pact flashed to Moscow. Stalin was saved from a two-front war. The Siberian border was secure.

From Ott, Sorge learned that Hitler had been so annoyed by the failure of the Tokyo negotiations that he might talk business with Stalin. For Hitler, too, faced a two-front war with England and France on the west and Russia on the east. Moscow took its cue from Sorge.

In June the Russian attaché in Berlin broached the possibility of a nonaggression pact between Berlin and Moscow. Within two months, Germany and Russia had signed a pact, handed the Baltic states to Stalin, and carved up Poland between them on paper.

On both fronts now, Russia was secure. Sorge had made a major contribution to world strategy.

Soon Hitler's bombers attacked Poland; England and France declared war on Germany. As the attacks on Poland grew more savage, Stalin plunged the Red Army like a dagger into his reeling neighbor. Poland died and was cut up.

BY EARLY SUMMER of 1940, Hitler seemed to be the master of Europe. Now he was ready to assault the great heartland of Eurasia.

"The Red Army is a joke," he stormed. "We can be in Moscow in 30 days."

Sorge noted a change in tone in the messages coming out of Berlin. Soon a new Nazi delegation came to Japan to discuss a military alliance. It was the old two-front idea against Russia. Sorge's messages crackled to Vladivostok.

Von Ribbentrop had sent his top Gestapo agent, Joseph Meisinger, to lead the negotiations. His recently acquired reputation as the "Beast of Warsaw" made him repugnant even to officials of the German embassy. But Sorge was hospitable, for he knew what Meisinger wanted.

The messages to Moscow by radio and courier multiplied. Then one day came the topmost secret. Sorge picked it up in casual conversation with Meisinger. *Hitler had set the date for invading Russia.*

Stalin and his Politburo sat para-

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lyzed that morning of May 2, 1941. The Red Army needed more information. It kept flowing in from master-spy Sorge. "What about the Japanese?" begged Marshal Voroshilov. "Will they attack in Siberia? Can you neutralize them?"

Meanwhile, negotiations quietly continued between the Nazis and Tokyo. This time, Hitler was more insistent than ever on a military alliance. It was important for Sorge to know what terms the Japanese wanted. But the ubiquitous Ozaki could be depended on.

Meisinger finally received some promises. "You may inform Herr Hitler that Japan will mobilize," Premier Konoye blandly informed him. "I am also instructing the police to round up all communists." Meisinger rushed to radio the news to Hitler. Success at last.

Outside a railroad yard, Sorge met Ozaki that evening. He already knew what Konoye had promised Meisinger. But he wanted details.

"The mobilization," said Ozaki, "is for a thrust southward—into China. Only replacement troops are being sent to Manchuria."

That same evening the message went to Vladivostok. Japan would not strike in Siberia. The panic eased in Moscow. Activated by Sorge's intelligence, crack Siberian troops rode westward.

The *Wehrmacht* struck on June 22. Within 25 days, the Nazis covered 400 miles and took 665,000 Russian prisoners. Then, at Smolensk, the mighty war machine was derailed. Unexpectedly it ran head-on into a new Russian army—tough Siberian troops. Moscow had been saved by Dr. Richard Sorge . . .

Meantime, Konoye was rounding up all suspect communists. Into the net fell an employee of the South Manchurian Railroad—Ito Ritsu. During questioning, he mentioned Mrs. Tomo. He felt no compunctions in giving her name; she had been personally cold to him; in recent years she had shied away from communist activities.

"The woman continually asks questions," he told the police. "I think she is an American spy."

The police placed her house on the "watch-list." For 90 days, they took notice of the constant visits of another Japanese-American, Miyagi Yotoku. Finally they arrested both of them.

Despite his frailty, Miyagi withstood the third degree. So the police decided to use his house as bait. All callers were arrested. On October 14, 1941, one such was Ozaki.

Next evening, Klausen found Sorge sitting at a window in his darkened house. Sorge was not his usual exuberant self. "I'm worried," he said. "Miyagi failed to keep an appointment with Ozaki two days ago—and today Ozaki failed to keep a date with me. There must be something wrong."

Klausen was also worried by the time he left Sorge's house. As he rounded the corner he bumped into a man who bowed and offered his apologies. Klausen recognized him as an official of the Tokkoka—the higher police of Japan.

The recognition shocked him. He hurried home, determined to destroy all documents and the transmitter. Then he thought he would be acting hastily. He decided to wait until morning.

The Tokkoka found Klausen asleep. They kicked him to a start,

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then told him that Sorge had also been arrested.

Sorge's arrest came as a great shock to his close friends, Ott and Meisinger. "The Japanese police have committed a blunder," said Ott. "Everything possible must be done for his immediate release. I will personally see the premier!"

Tojo, the new prime minister, was adamant. "We have arrested the principals of the most dangerous spy ring that ever operated in Japan," he insisted. "You had better check on Dr. Sorge's background yourself."

Klausen confessed the day he was arrested. But the police could not use the same "truth" methods on a member of the German embassy staff. Sorge refused to admit anything—certainly not while Ott and Meisinger were turning every stone to obtain his release. But he broke down after Meisinger paid him his last visit.

"You filthy communist dog!" the Gestapo agent snarled. "Hanging is too good for you."

Pearl Harbor was now infamous history. Japan and the U.S. were at war. General Doolittle had bombed Tokyo. But despite all this, the spy-ring members were given every protection under Japanese law. The trials lasted almost two years. But at last the sentence came: "Death by hanging!"

In the little execution room of Sugamo Prison in Tokyo, the trap was sprung on Ozaki. It was November 7, 1944, when the little man paid with his life for the Kremlin's greater glory.

Ozaki's limp body had hardly been removed when Sorge was marched to the chamber. He said nothing as he stood over the trap. His mind was on the exciting news of Red Army victories—news that he had heard in jail. In his mind he was seeing the scourge of capitalism defeated by Soviet power. It had been his work that had precipitated World War II, then had saved Russia from Hitler's invasion. In the end, communism would triumph.

As the trap gave way, perhaps he wondered if Moscow would remember his efforts—if he would at least be awarded a posthumous "Hero of the Soviet Union" medal . . .

Positively Painless

IF ANY TAXPAYER is laboring under the understandable impression that all sources of tax revenue have been exhausted, he is not aware of a novel proposal once offered by the celebrated Jonathan Swift. "I propose," said the great satirist, "that a tax be levied on female beauty."

"But, sir," objected a listener, "could we ever make women pay enough to make such a tax levy worth while?"

"That would be the least of our difficulties," laughed Swift. "Let every woman be permitted to assess her own charms—then she'll be generous enough!"

—JEROME SAXON

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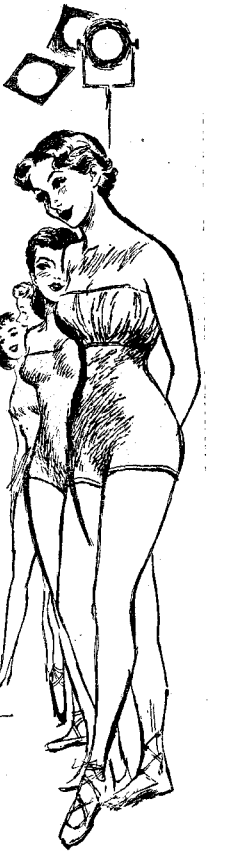
EVE IS RYWHERE

Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Master of Ceremonies for the Miss U. S. Television contest, saw lots of talented girls before he helped pick the winner. Now he wants your help in filling words containing the name of the most famous of talented girls—Eve. Eve is in almost EVErything—so see how well you can do. Get 18-20 right, and you win a free ticket to the Garden of Eden; 15-18 correct, you will have to pay for a ticket; under 15 won't even get you a rain check. (Answers on page 128.)

1. Income ___EVE_____
2. To find again _____EVE
3. Part of a garment _____EVE
4. Some ___EVE_____
5. Well balanced ___EVE___
6. To stop ____EVE____
7. Delight ___EVE___
8. Opposite ___EVE_____
9. Annoyed ____EVE___
10. Rough ____EVE___
11. An embankment ___EVE___
12. Stern ___EVE____
13. A lifting device ___EVE___
14. Venerate ___EVE____
15. Cut ___EVE ___
16. Angle drawing tool ___EVE___
17. A football team ____EVE___
18. In disorder _____EVE_____
19. Retaliation ___EVE_____
20. To accept as true _____EVE



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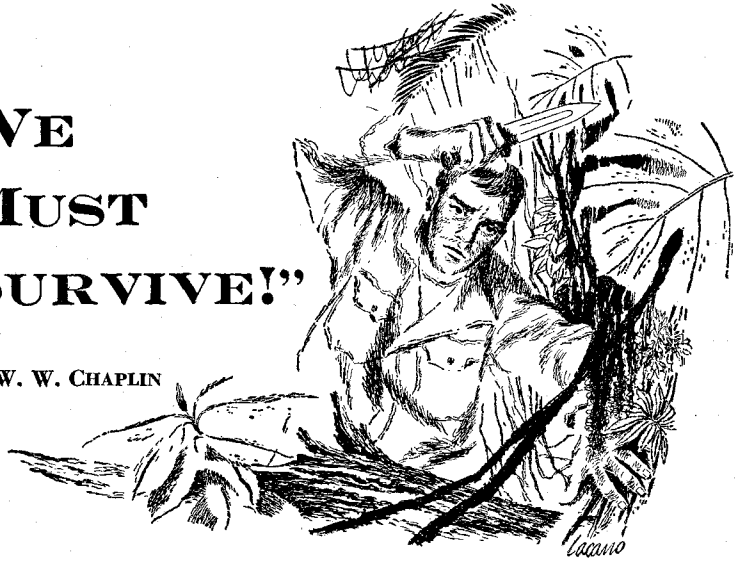
"WE MUST SURVIVE!"

by W. W. CHAPLIN



A rigorous Air Force program is built on the premise that no man is expendable

THE PLANE'S ALARM BELL sounded in quick triple succession, each ring as sharp and painful as a surgeon's scalpel cutting through living tissue. The intercom cleared its iron throat: "Pilot to crew, prepare to bail out! Pilot to crew, prepare to bail out!"

Hardware clanked as the men in the bucket seats, clumsy in their Mae Wests and parachutes, cast off their safety-belt buckles. GI boots played an anvil chorus on the iron floor. A sledge whirled against the door catches.

Faces were almost green in the plane's dim light as the door gave and disappeared. A hungry wind lapped in with long dry tongue. Outside, the great black yonder.

A sandpaper voice commanded: "Take off, you buzzards! Come on! No guts, no glory!"

The lead man hammered three steps across the iron floor and vanished. Number two man. Number three. Then four and five . . .

Out in the wind that tore at lips and eyelids, the chutes popped open in silent salvo. Suddenly a community of ghostly tents huddled on the vast desert of the night.

The rendezvous was almost more terrifying than the leap into the night. There, at least momentarily, they were all together, falling through the impersonal dark. The men landed scattered; some knee-deep in a swamp full of a clinging vine, some on dry land covered with cactus and bayonet leaves, some in a forest of ancient and eerie trees.

Looking around in the quickening dawn, they could have placed this sort of country in a dozen wild corners of the world. It could have

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been a part of the Australian bush, the Malay Peninsula, or Kenya Colony in Africa.

Actually, it was the upper reaches of the Florida Everglades, and the jumpers were 24 members of a class in the survival school, directed from MacDill Air Force Base, being taught how to live no matter in what terrible terrain fate might land them in the years to come.

The idea for the Air Force survival schools grew out of the World War II saying that servicemen, at least in certain branches, were expendable. Strategic Air Command decided to prove that no man who flies is expendable. It was decided to save lives even before they were in jeopardy.

Two main schools were set up; one at Camp Carson in Colorado for training in mountain and Arctic survival, the other at MacDill to teach tropic survival. The program got under way in 1950 and grew to such proportions that now 20 to 30 men are graduating from each school every week.

Before a class goes out from MacDill to be marooned, Lieut. Col. D. M. Kupfer briefs the men bluntly: "This is for you, this is your life. If you go down somewhere and don't know how to take care of yourself, your crew won't desert you, but you'll be a drag on them. That we can't have. You might threaten the survival of all. So if you don't pass this course, you will not be permitted to fly in a Strategic Air Command crew."

As a civilian reporter, I had been allowed merely to witness the air drop of the advanced students. Then I joined up with some of the jumpers as the roundup of the others began.

By full dawn, all were accounted for but one, and Capt. John Kelly, chief instructor, divided us into groups of five or six and we set out to search.

Suddenly a noncom in my group sang out: "There's Tom—up in a tree! The chute's caught."

There it hung, elongated, limp; and down below the shrouds the man swung as in a bosun's chair, 30 feet off the ground. The instructor with our group, Skeeter Crosson, took command, although our students numbered a captain and a lieutenant colonel. There is no rank in these survival courses.

Skeeter showed us how to scramble up the giant water oak in which Tom had landed. Soon we were pulling him over to a stout limb so we could get him down, his chute being carefully salvaged for reasons we were soon to learn.

"How do you feel, Tom?" I asked. His feet again on fairly firm land, his spirits returned. "Hungry," he said. "When do we eat?"

It was a question that had occurred to all of us, and now we were soon to get the answer. We headed for the glow of a fire back at the selected camp site and found a big circle already cleared of underbrush. But there was no aroma of coffee, no heady smell of eggs or bacon. Kelly called us into a semicircle and laid it on the line.

"This course," he said, "is to teach you how to live if you ever get marooned in country as wild as this. What you eat from now on is largely up to you, although we have emergency rations. What shelter you have is up to you. Each man

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has his parachute, knife, pistol, and matches or lighter. And that's it. How are you going to live?"

We looked blankly at each other—we were mostly men with city backgrounds.

"We'll show you how," Kelly said, "but doing it is up to you. Now we'll split this crowd and you fellows go with instructor Josh Henson. He'll teach you how to make shelter. I'll teach the rest of you about getting food."

Kelly told us a little about the country we were in—close to the Kissimee River, full of alligators. The land on either side was water-oak forest or palmetto swamp, both of which harbored rattlesnakes. Even my heavy GI boots suddenly felt like very small protection.

"Easiest food to catch is fish," Kelly said, "so go down to the river and get us some breakfast."

"With what?" I spoke up. "No hooks, no lines, no bait."

"Each line in your parachute shrouds," said Kelly, "is made up of several strong nylon cords. Tie a few together and you have a fish line. Take a stick about an inch long, sharpen it at both ends, notch the middle, and tie on your line. That's your hook. Use anything for bait—a worm, a minnow, a lizard—anything that's alive. Let's see what kind of fishermen you are."

We began whittling hooks and stripping shroud lines. Suddenly the first of the tropical showers, which were to combine with the swamps to keep us wet for a week, fell like kettle-drum music on surrounding palmettoes.

On the banks of the Kissimee we found some big grasshoppers and the fishing began. It wasn't five minutes before one man hauled in a six-inch brim. We cheered as if we'd taken an enemy pillbox. Our bait problem was solved.

So we plowed that first catch under, and soon fish were flopping all along the bank. In an hour we had enough for all to eat. Yet without Kelly's simple instructions, most of our group could have starved in a place like this.

While the fish were cooking, wrapped in palmetto leaves and laid on coals, I wandered off to see what Henson was teaching the other group. I found him making a tepee out of a parachute, and once you know how, anyone can do it. I put up one myself in 20 minutes. Now—let it rain! . . .

The rest of the day was filled with tell-and-try adventures. Before dark, we learned how to trap rabbits and birds, how to cull wild onion and berries and dandelion greens from the swampland. And for a first dinner, we fared not badly. We had fish and rabbit and turtle stew with plenty of greens, all cooked without benefit of pots and pans, and eaten in a mess kit. As a touch of luxury, we had a parachute canopy over the fire to prevent dousing by the frequent cloudbursts, and also to serve as our water catch.

When I rolled out at 5:30 A.M., I found that several more ambitious students had already been on the hunt. Captain Kelly came up from the Kissimee, carrying a three-foot alligator, trussed snout to tail like a hoop snake. "Now—what's for breakfast?" he asked.

Out we went, fishing, tending traps, picking berries and leaves. But when we returned we found a surprise. The alligator had been

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neatly butchered and was roasting on the coals, wrapped in a sheath of parachute nylon. It was fairly rich fare, but it tasted better than any breakfast I'd had in years.

After breakfast, Kelly gave us a few of the facts of life about moccasins, rattlers, and coral snakes. And then Kelly gave us his prescription for curing fear of any living thing—go out and catch one.

"Break up into groups," he said, "and go catch me a rattler. If anything goes wrong, the instructor with you has a snake-bite kit."

The first big rattler came out from under the dripping palmettoes, fighting. The instructor got a forked stick over its neck and pressed down. Someone got a noose over the tail and tightened it. Another got a bag over the beast's head. And in 60 seconds we were on our way back to camp with perhaps the first snake ever to wear a nylon hat cut from a parachute.

We had that rattler for supper, and he wasn't bad eating. If you must deal with diamondbacks, deal with them baked, plus a dash of wild onion for seasoning.

As the students found that with experience you can enjoy the fat of the land in any terrain, confidence grew. It is the marooned who, through ignorance and fear, die of starvation and exposure.

Toward the end of the week, Kelly decided that we'd had enough such rich food as turtle, possum, 'gator, and snake. So he ordered a wild-boar hunt for sundown, and for this an exception was made as to improvised tools and weapons.

Parachutes, knives, pistols, and fire formed our working kit, but a wild boar is a wild beast. So two instructors had been permitted to bring along small rifles of considerable power.

We tramped through the gathering dusk to a place where a cactus meadow bordered a forest of water oaks. We hid at the edge of the trees and waited.

Suddenly the instructor pointed and three shapes took form out among the undergrowth. "Down on your bellies," he whispered. "This is a boar with his family, and he'll take us all on at the drop of a hat. If he comes for us, get up a tree; these babies are rough."

We crawled forward and the big pig seemed to sense danger. He stood in front of the other two, legs spread, head down. Skeeter lay flat and aimed carefully.

The sounds seemed simultaneous—the bark of the gun and the mad screaming of the boar.

"Careful now," Skeeter warned. "That mother pig may charge to protect her young. Move up easy!"

We moved up easy, crouching, and the sow decided on the better part of valor. She fled, chasing the small pig in front of her. The boar had finished his mad ballet and lay still. In five minutes he was bled, trussed by his feet to a sapling, and on his way to dinner—our dinner.

OUR LAST GREAT ADVENTURE in the survival course had to do with alligators. During the week I had heard many; I had seen the eyes of others at night. One of the things I learned in the Everglades is that almost no one knows how to use a flashlight. We hold it at hip height, swish it around, and expect to see. But if you want to catch the reflection of eyes, you must hold your

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light at the side of your head, right by your eyes. Then, radar fashion, the reflection comes straight back to your vision.

But until our last day in the bush, all we had actually seen at close range was the three-foot alligator Kelly had caught. Now we headed for a deep hole in the Kissimee, and soon one of the awful beasts raised his snout.

Kelly had told me that he would take on any alligator in his weight class, say six feet long. This one was well over eight.

Kelly took a flying leap and landed on the 'gator's back. There was froth and fury in the Kissimee. Kelly described an arc in the air, but he was laughing.

Before the 'gator could throw him, he had affixed a noose to the beast's snout. Then he rode it ashore and the butchering was brief.

Around the campfire that night there were nostalgic songs. Kelly made a little speech. "Everyone has passed the course," he announced. "Even Chaplin."

Kelly's words gave me a thrill. But they also gave me food for thought. In the days I had spent in the Everglades, I saw confidence grow in the students like flowers in the sun. City boys with a distrust for any territory not bounded by concrete sidewalks discovered to their amazement that Americans, by nature, are really outdoor people. What at first had seemed to be a fearsome ordeal became, as their knowledge grew, a first-rate camping party.

Survival training had taught them to face the challenge of an uncertain future with courage. And to the parents of these boys, there was solace, too, in the rigorous Air Force program. Once more, the mothers and fathers of American youth can rest assured that Uncle Sam is doing everything he can to erase the word "expendable" from the vocabulary of wartime.

Food for Thought

A WOMAN who ran a boarding-house would get her knives sharpened from four to five times a week. When the knife sharpener asked why she had her knives sharpened so often, the woman whispered, "Well, it's cheaper than buying tender meat." —*Pipe Dreams*

A BRITISHER bought a week's ration of meat, which was so small that he was able to wrap it in his subway ticket. When he reached home after the ride in the underground, he unwrapped the ticket —and the meat was gone.

"How'd you lose the meat?" his wife asked him, and he explained: "I forgot that the ticket was punched." —LEONARD LYONS

VIOLENT EXERCISE after 40 is especially harmful if you do it with a knife and fork. —*NEA Journal*

ACCIDENTS will happen. That's why there are so many different kinds of salads. —*Hoard's Dairyman*

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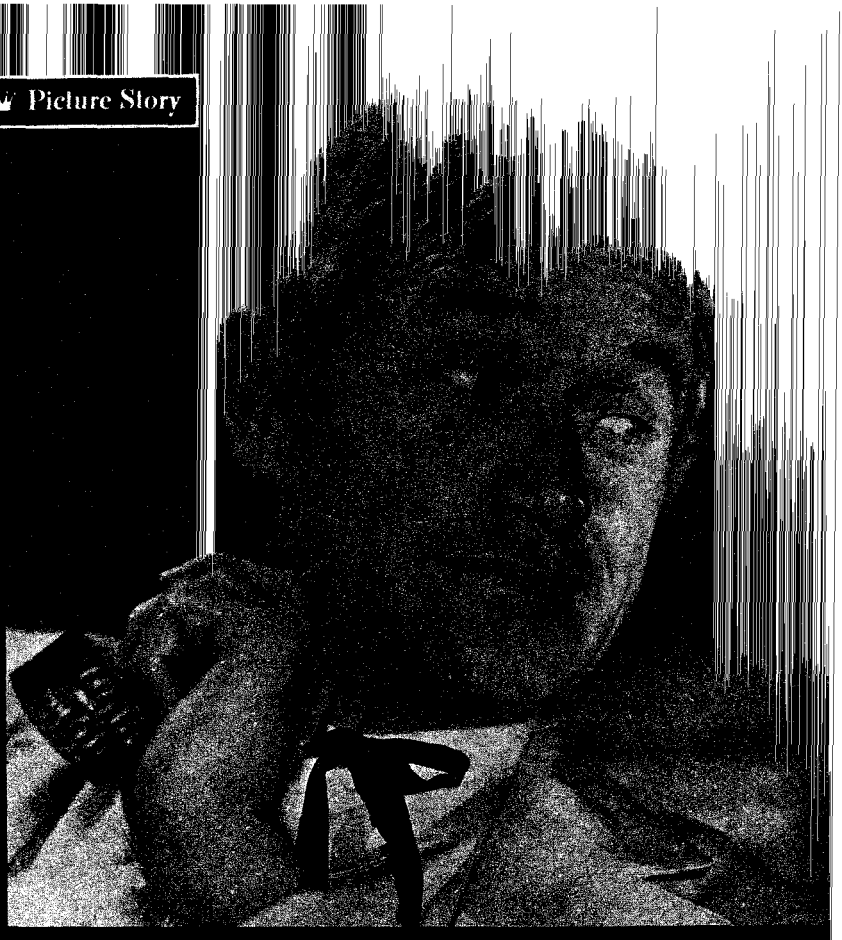
Picture Story



Laughter Never Dies

THACKERAY ONCE WROTE, "A good laugh is sunshine in a house." The ability to provoke chuckles, a gift bestowed on few men, has been a highly regarded asset from the time of royal court jesters. To Will Rogers (*above*), and the other well-loved comedians on these pages, it brought rich rewards in fame and fortune. But more important, it brightened the lives of all who heard their droll stories, all who saw them fall into custard pies, for they made America laugh.

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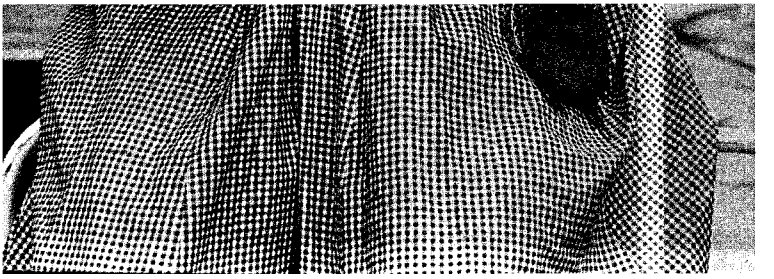

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Buster Keaton got his first name when Houdini saw him make some wild vaudeville falls as a child. Sound movies threatened the career of the deadpan comedian, but he came back as M-G-M's gag director.

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Fatty Arbuckle's career was shattered by a sordid manslaughter trial in which he was finally freed. In 1933, trying to come back, he finished a movie in Hollywood. Next day he died of heart failure.

Joe Weber (*left*) and Lew Fields had known hard times. When they finally made good in vaudeville, a long-time friend remarked: "They'd better use their $1,000-a-week salary to have their pants pressed."

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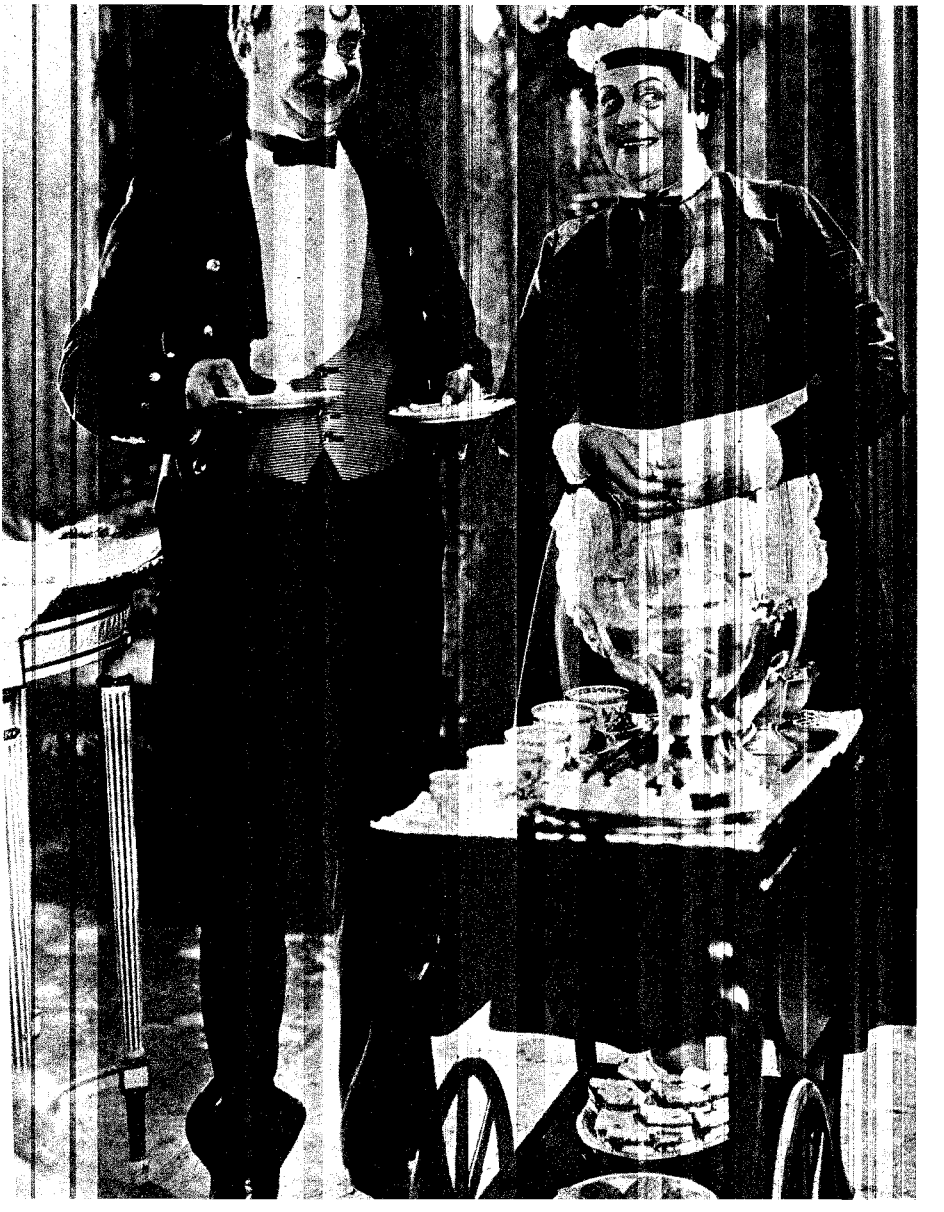

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Scotch Sir Harry Lauder made endless "farewell" tours b
retired. Asked if he thought Hollywood could film his life story
"They need to be smart to find someone to play Harry Lauc

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Red-nosed, debonair, seldom at a loss for words, W. C. Fields (*center*) was once famous as a Ziegfeld juggler. Among the pungent phrases he coined is the classic: "Never give a sucker an even break."

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Bert Williams' talents as a dancer, singer (*Go 'Way Back and Sit Down*), pantomimist and storyteller made him a one-man vaudeville show.

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Jimmy Durante, at his peak today after failures and comebacks, can send an audience into hysterics by withering a too-loud heckler with this observation: "Everybody wants to get into da act."

A familiar movie sight was Leon Errol opening a closet door and being deluged with a welter of long-forgotten junk. As he sat half-buried by the debris, he mused, "Hmm. Have to get that fixed."

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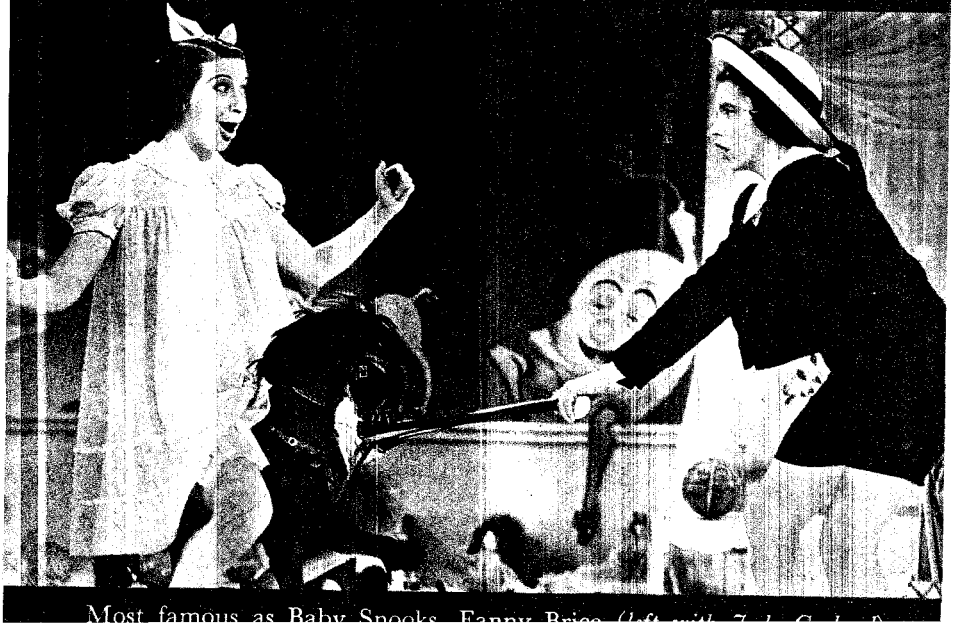
Bea Lillie wanted to vacation in Bermuda. By mail, she learned that the estate she was considering rented for $30,000 with boatman. Promptly she cabled the owner, "Please rush photo of boatman."



Most famous as Baby Snooks, Fanny Brice (*left, with Judy Garland*)

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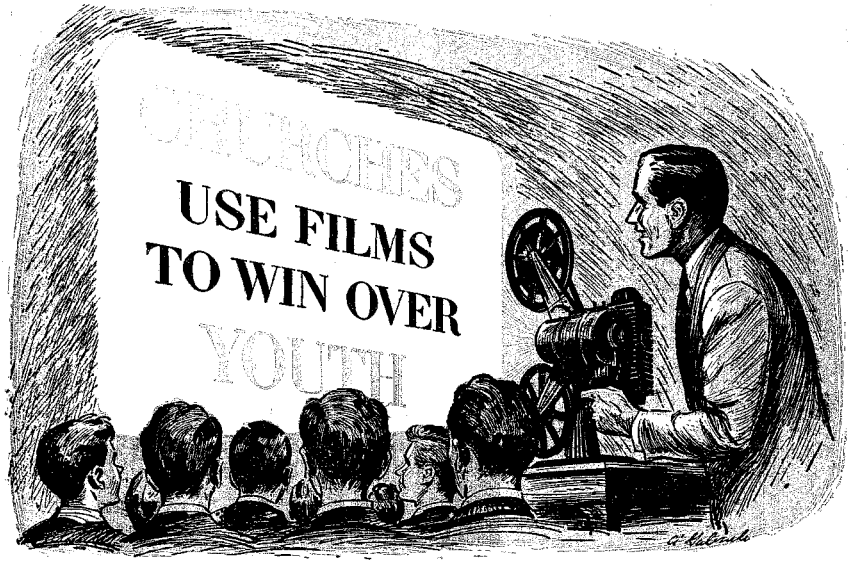

by THOMAS J. GRANT

Ministers are finding movies an invaluable aid in teaching the morals we live by

"YOU'LL NOT GET ME to squeal!" the boy shouted defiantly.

The men—three counselors in a youth center—looked at one another and then back again to the 16-year-old who was gripping his chair exactly like someone being given the "third degree."

"Look, Bob," said one of the men after a slight pause, "first one, then another of your friends has been caught stealing. Each time you have insisted you knew nothing about it. Now, we've found you wearing a stolen watch. You've a lot to explain—and explain it fast!"

But Bob merely gripped the chair harder and "wouldn't talk."

Bob is only one example of American boys in serious trouble with the authorities. Take the case of Jim, who comes from a good but not well-to-do family. In the area where he lives, the boys of his age tend to move in groups, and for the last couple of years Jim's group has been getting into trouble.

As they would go along the streets, they would start a new sport. One day it consisted of breaking street lights; they got away with it. Another day, they threw rocks at passing automobiles. This time, they were caught.

Jim's parents were alarmed. They questioned him. They wanted him to promise he wouldn't "throw any rocks at cars again." But Jim wouldn't promise.

The games went on. Vandalism became more and more daring—and more and more exciting. Then Jim was arrested with two other boys in the gang for breaking into a

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garage and borrowing a car without the owner's permission. Now he is in serious trouble.

Case after case can be added—the boys in a wealthy suburban community who found the "greatest thrill in the world" in outracing police cars; the country-wide craze for daredevil driving games; the gang of teen-age boys who, while with their parents on a Florida vacation, went on a spree one night. When the spree was over, property damage totaled $5,000.

When the total of such cases reaches alarming proportions, men of reputation start talking about the "moral breakdown" of our youth. They urge that we give these boys—and others like them—more moral instruction. "Teach them honesty, loyalty, trustworthiness" is the oft-mentioned cure.

But a careful study of the cases shows that this "easy answer" may not be an answer at all. Are these boys devoid of morals? Talk with them and you will find that each lives by a definite moral code.

Take Bob. Talk with him about honesty—and he will talk right back. He is being honest in refusing to squeal. He made commitments to his "friends." He is being loyal—to those who are loyal to him.

A serious study of these cases shows that our problem is a deep and baffling one. What we have to deal with is not a lack of morals, but a *different set* of morals.

HOW HAS THIS CONDITION arisen? To simplify, we may say with reasonable accuracy that these boys have built their own moral codes. In their early years, they were under close supervision of parents. Then, when they were old enough to go to school, much of their time was spent away from home.

Since, as in the case of Jim, the day-to-day contacts are with others of the same age and development, the group soon establishes its own set of standards, disciplines its own members, and forms its own moral codes. That these codes are not the ones we adults can live by is scarcely surprising. How can a group of teen-agers be expected to create a sound moral code?

One answer to the problem lies in our churches and church schools, which strive to teach morals that we can live by. It is in some of their techniques and efforts that the most hopeful portents for the future can be found.

These techniques are based upon a thorough knowledge of psychology on the one hand and sociology on the other. They employ the most effective communication methods possible. Simply speaking, the techniques are built around these fundamentals:

First, put a group of children together, and sooner or later they tend to seek the lowest common denominator. It is the job, therefore, of a moral-instruction program to get them to talk, think, and act together at higher levels. It is the job of the program to make morality "socially acceptable" to children.

Second, since young people spend much of their time with others their own age, moral instruction should develop a *group* with high principles; and where gang codes have been formed, should help the members of the gang work out more socially acceptable principles.

Third, objectivity is essential to

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obtaining the right kind of moral insight. If boys can study the *case of another boy*—understand him, and understand the effects of his acts on others—moral instruction moves forward rapidly.

To see how these fundamentals are being applied, look in on a church in a neighborhood similar to the one where the boys were involved in the $5,000 spree. Here, there is an active moral and character-education program supervised by an excellent youth leader.

Next Sunday evening you will find in one of the church recreation rooms a group of 20 to 30 teenagers. Their meetings begin with a short film.

"Films are used because they give us a common experience—something we can discuss," comments the leader. In short, films establish that essential objectivity. On this particular evening, the film is entitled *Right or Wrong?* (*Making Moral Decisions*). It presents a case study of a boy caught in apparent vandalism. The moral questions involving his mother, the police, the property owner, a church counselor, and the boy himself are brought out clearly. The resolution of these problems is left to the group seeing the film.

The discussion begins. It is about the boy on the screen—yet actually it is about each of the boys and girls in the group. Individually and together, they grapple with the problems of right and wrong. They try to work out for themselves—under guidance—how acts affect others, and how the effect of such acts guides our thinking and behavior.

Gang codes are discussed. Slowly at first, then in a rush, you hear these boys and girls explain why being honest to a gang "isn't really being honest"; why keeping a trust of that type "isn't actually being trustworthy"; why we have to be "loyal to our parents and *everyone*, not just to a gang."

Of course, it requires many such sessions to "get the group at ease" with this kind of thinking and discussion, since American youth lives in a complex world in which applying morals is no simple task. Dating, friendships, race relations, citizenship, community and family life—all these subjects create new moral questions that must be explored.

In churches where this program is being carried on, it begins with the very young groups—with children of five, six, and seven. After they have watched films on various moral topics, you hear them discussing problems and deciding "if you play with something, you should take care of it," or "we can best show how much we like our parents if we help them."

Extension of this sound and flexible program is taking place throughout the country; more and more churches, more and more ministers are applying the technique to their own religious-education procedures. They report better attendance, more active interest, and a closer feeling between young people and adults. One young minister says:

"It was my first congregation. The church board explained they wanted a young man because they

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wanted the young people brought back to the church. I tried everything—socials, recreational activities, personal appeals—without much success. The teen-agers had their world, and I wasn't a part of it.

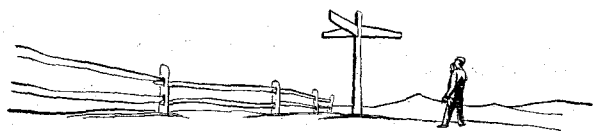
"Then we decided to start showing films. One of our first was *Shy Guy*. Our attendance was better because we announced the film in advance. And as I watched the film, something happened to me.

"In the boy on the screen, struggling with shyness, *I saw myself*. When we started discussing the film and shyness, I was amazed to find that almost all the boys and girls explained that 'shyness is my problem, too.' But I was even more amazed when suddenly we became a group. We had something in common. For the first time, they took me into their world. Not only did I begin to understand them—they began to understand me.

"Since that time, we have had one of the best youth groups in our entire area. Character education? Drop in any Sunday—you'll find it in our church."

Religious leaders, teachers, parents: for complete information on how you may secure these films for use in your churches and schools, please write to: Film-Guidance Editor, Coronet Magazine, 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill.

Roads to Living



ALEXANDER HAMILTON once said, "Men give me credit for some genius. All the genius I have lies in this: when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I have made is what people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

DAVID STARR JORDAN used to say, "The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows where he is going. The ability to make up your mind inspires self-confidence, it gives you inner power, and it commands the respect of your fellow men."

AN OLD NEGRO PRAYED, "Lord, help me to understand that You ain't goin' to let nothin' come my way that You and me can't handle together."

—CHARLES L. ALLEN (*Road to Radiant Living*, Revell)

Eve Is EVErywhere (Answers to quiz on page 103)

1. Revenue; 2. Retrieve; 3. Sleeve; 4. Several; 5. Level; 6. Prevent; 7. Revel; 8. Reverse; 9. Peeved; 10. Uneven; 11. Levee; 12. Severe; 13. Lever; 14. Revere; 15. Sever; 16. Bevel; 17. Eleven; 18. Disheveled; 19. Revenge; 20. Believe.

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MATTERS MILITARY

A MAJOR WALKED INTO an army kitchen and when the mess sergeant shouted, "Attention!" all obeyed except a new recruit cook.

"What's the matter?" asked the major. "Why don't you stand up when the command is given?"

"Sir," was the reply, "I have just started this recipe which says, 'Don't stir for 20 minutes.' " —CHICAGO *Tribune*

WHEN A ROOKIE went to his lieutenant for his furlough papers, the officer noticed that the boy was from his own home town and asked him to say hello to his mother.

Two weeks later, the rookie, back, stammered to the officer: "I called your mother, sir, like you asked . . . and well, sir, I don't know how to say it like she did, sir . . . but she told me . . . I mean she asked me to take good care of you, sir."

—ALFRED BAUMANN

MANY STORIES have been told about the courage and determination of the Turkish forces with the U.N. troops in Korea. According to one report, an antiaircraft unit manned by Turkish soldiers was ordered to dig in and camouflage its weapons. Some time later, a division commander, on an inspection tour of the area, discovered the unit camouflaged to perfection with straw, branches, and rice mats. But above all the elaborate camouflage waved boldly—a dazzling red Turkish flag. —PAUL STEINER

DETERMINED TO PASS the rigorous physical examination for the Air Force, an underweight candidate ate a pound of dried prunes and soaked them up nicely by drinking several quarts of water. Swelled to capacity, he stoically endured the doctor's probes and pokes. Then came the verdict:

"Fine! Fine, my boy—except that you're underweight just one pound. Now run along home and eat a box of prunes and drink lots of water. Then come right back here and we'll try again." —*Capper's Weekly*

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THOSE FABULOUS CUSHING SISTERS

by CAROL HUGHES

Charming, witty, and generous, all three are married—and happily—to millionaires

THE THREE Cushing sisters—Mary, Betsey, and Barbara—are probably the only society women in America today whose comings and goings are as avidly followed by the press and the public as are those of Hollywood's celebrities. This is the penalty which these fabulous women, now Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mrs. John Hay (Jock) Whitney, and Mrs. William S. Paley, must pay for snatching the top cream in society's matrimonial mart.

For even one sister to marry a Whitney or Astor would have made news, but for all three to marry millionaires makes them subjects of colorful interest to would-be Cinderellas everywhere.

While columnists snatch at crumbs from the tables of the celebrated threesome to portray in florid style their every movement, the could-be queens of society pay no attention to the ruthless small world of the Four Hundred. Their numerous and loyal friends are largely people who are doing worthwhile creative work or have interesting professions. While the world pursues them, they pursue only peace and quiet, and have a sincere desire to be good wives and mothers.

In spite of envious insinuations that the beautiful Cushing girls are sirens endowed with some magical formula that attracts only millionaires, actually, by birth and accomplishments, they are extremely "good catches" even for a millionaire. Daughters of the distinguished Boston brain surgeon, Dr. Harvey

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Cushing, they were born into the golden circle of Boston society.

Despite this, it is quite probable that they would have attained the same matrimonial success on the basis of their own abilities. Those who break through the barrier the sisters have built to guard their privacy find them an impressive mixture of charm, generosity, wit, and their most desirable of all qualities —humility.

Mary Benedict Cushing, known universally as "Minnie," was born in 1906 in Baltimore, where Dr. Cushing was serving as surgeon-professor at Johns Hopkins Medical School. Betsey was born two years later, also in Baltimore, and Barbara arrived in 1915 in Boston, where the family had moved when the Doctor accepted an appointment to Harvard Medical School. The girls had two brothers: Henry Kirke, who still lives in Boston, and William Harvey, who was following in his father's medical footsteps when he was killed in an accident.

Their mother, Kate Cushing, was quite equal to the task of developing her family into fascinating individualists. "It's hard to describe Kate Cushing," a close friend once remarked, "but I imagine that if I ever told her that I'd just committed a murder, she'd lay her teacup aside and say, 'Excuse me, dear, I'll get my hat and be right back to help you dispose of the body.' "

Minnie, who inherited so many of the strong traits of her mother, still laughs over the occasion when Kate Cushing awoke to find a burglar in her bedroom. Quietly, she turned on the light and said: "What do you think you're doing?" With that she chased him down the stairs and out the door, then calmly returned to bed.

While the girls were the apple of his eye, Dr. Cushing was always rather fearful that the attention and adulation heaped upon his popular daughters might turn their heads. One time he issued a strict warning that he would never speak to them again if their names or pictures appeared in the newspapers.

Perhaps it was this admonition that kept Minnie Astor from either affirming or denying publicly her reported brush in 1951 with the Duchess of Windsor.

One morning Walter Winchell ran a story which startled the social world. The Duchess of Windsor, he reported, had shown up too late to pick up her table reservation at the St. Regis, a New York hotel owned by the Astors. The Duchess seemingly left in a huff. Then the story went on to relate that when the Duchess met Minnie a few nights later at another social affair, she demanded an apology. To which the independent Minnie replied, "My dear woman, why don't you act your age?"

That was the way it was reported in the newspapers. But when the ubiquitous reporters pursued Mrs. Astor for an elaboration on the reported incident, she, perhaps remembering her father's ultimatum of many years ago, crisply replied: "No comment!"

DR. CUSHING sent his girls to Westover, a finishing school in Middlebury, Connecticut, and he was most insistent that they study constructive courses. He believed that each of the girls should know how to do something well—just in

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case it ever became necessary for them to earn their own living.

Barbara, who later worked as a fashion editor for a women's magazine, occasionally caused the stern Doctor a considerable amount of concern. He thought, according to his biographer, J. F. Fulton, that Barbara spent too much time worrying about clothes, so he took on the task of instructing her in the art of proper grooming.

Once when he was ill in bed, Barbara combined all his suggestions into a single outfit. Donning flat-heeled shoes, long skirt, high-necked blouse, and ultraconservative hat, and removing lipstick, rouge, and nail polish, she entered his room with tight lips and a prim air of propriety, and settled into a chair. It was so shocking that he ordered her from the room. But it delighted him, nevertheless, and Barbara was left to her own wardrobe devices.

Betsey was the first of the happy, closely knit family to marry—Betsey, who always seems to have the air of a little girl about her, and even yet will sometimes blush when she is complimented on a gown. She was only 20 when she decided to marry James Roosevelt, then studying at Harvard.

Friends of Dr. Cushing, a lifelong Republican, wondered how he would take to the staunch Roosevelt Democrats. But it was the year of the big Wall Street crash, and when Black Friday came along to wipe out a sizeable part of the Cushing investments, the Doctor became a Democrat overnight.

In fact, from the day the Roosevelts came from Hyde Park to attend the engagement party of the young couple, there was a great bond of friendship between the two families. Franklin Roosevelt adored Betsey's quiet dignity, her subtle wit, and above all, her good brain.

After he became President, and James' marriage was getting rocky, F.D.R. was so fond of Betsey that he risked being censured by Congress and the public by naming Jimmy as his secretary, in order to bring the family into the White House. A marital breakup was inevitable, however, even though Betsey stayed on at the White House, often acting as official hostess when Mrs. Roosevelt was absent.

During this period, Betsey became probably the only American woman who has had a king chase her hat. The King and Queen of England were visiting the White House, and Betsey and the President were out driving with them one day when Betsey's picture hat blew out of the car. The car stopped, and it was the King who got out to retrieve the hat, much to F.D.R.'s amusement.

Betsey made no move to divorce Jimmy Roosevelt until he filed suit in California. Then, almost a year later, she met Jock Whitney. Their simple wedding took place in March, 1942, in the apartment of the bride's mother.

Jock Whitney, in spite of his great wealth, was no playboy, but a serious-minded businessman—one of the few "working millionaires"—and a sportsman and philanthropist in his own quiet way. Although Jock owned several houses, he desperately wanted a *home*. Betsey has given him that home, and it reflects all the graciousness and simplicity of Betsey herself.

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Sara and Kate Roosevelt, Betsey's daughters, live with the Whitneys, but the girls are fully aware that their standard of living is not always that of the outside world. Last summer, Sara had a guest from France, whom she had met while touring Europe with a student group. Sara's main concern was that the French girl should understand America—not as she saw it at the Whitney estate, but as it really is. The lessons taught many years ago by Dr. Cushing are still bearing fruit in his grandchildren.

BARBARA, WHOSE beauty and natural flair for clothes have won her world acclaim, was the second sister to break the home ties for marriage. In June, 1940, she married the very social, very wealthy Stanley Mortimer, Jr., of Tuxedo Park, New York.

At the time of her marriage, Barbara, or "Babe" as she is known by her intimate friends, was a fashion editor on *Vogue* magazine. She continued working during the first year of her marriage, quitting only for the birth of her son in 1942. In 1943, a daughter, Amanda Jay, was born.

After the war, Stanley returned from the Navy, but the Mortimers were unable to make a successful postwar marital adjustment and Barbara secured a Florida divorce in 1946. She won custody of the children, and resumed her magazine job.

It was at Greentree, the Whitneys' estate on Long Island, that "Babe" first met William S. Paley, dynamic chairman of the board of the Columbia Broadcasting System. A good friend of Jock Whitney, Paley spent many week ends at Greentree. Barbara and Paley were often thrown together, but even their closest friends did not suspect that the pair were thinking of marriage.

The hard-driving executive, overburdened and overworked at the time, needed diversion from his business problems. When he met the tranquil yet pert Barbara he fell in love with her.

"Babe," proud of her self-made millionaire husband, spends many hours planning surprises for him. When he comes into their well-ordered household, he is never quite sure with what new "idea" his wife will greet him.

The Paleys most enjoy the week ends when the six children are with them: Barbara's two children by her former husband, Bill's two by his former marriage, and their own two. Barbara, who has a tendency to shorten words in conversation, says: "They are all precious and they wear me to a frazz."

In 1950, Barbara was listed for the eighth time among the Ten Best-dressed Women of the Year. "The difference between Babe and other women who wear beautiful clothes is that Babe *does* something to them," says Jinx Falkenburg, a neighbor and close friend of the Paleys. "She even looks good in blue jeans."

Being a well-dressed woman has its drawbacks, however. Each time that Barbara's name has appeared on the select list, an avalanche of mail has descended on her from all over the world.

Many letters are from people genuinely in need, begging for old clothes; others are from the envious, who chide her; still others demand

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that she send them a few Parisian models, even giving their choice in size, color, and style.

"This year I do not think I will make the list," she says. "The fashion experts like people who are seen everywhere and who spend fabulous sums for clothes. I am seen almost nowhere, and I certainly do not spend a lot of money on clothes."

FOR A LONG TIME it looked as if Minnie Cushing would remain the unmarried one—Minnie, the dynamic sister with the arresting personality. She is tall, willowy, blue-eyed, but there is always about her an air of driving energy. As one of her co-workers in a charity organization puts it: "If Minnie decided to run a steam shovel, and it served some purpose, I'm sure she would climb aboard."

She loves people, surrounds herself with the most interesting ones she can find, and always is genuinely concerned with what they are doing. While she can be a gentle person and a warm friend, she can be equally formidable when aroused. Barbara says of her sister: "Minnie is everyone's friend. You may warn her that a particular person will bite her sooner or later, but Minnie won't take your advice until she feels the bite."

Minnie met staid millionaire Vincent Astor at the home of President Roosevelt in Hyde Park, when Betsey gave a dinner party there. Vincent, elder son of John Jacob Astor, was a man of vast dignity, whose activities centered mainly around his business in New York real estate and cruises on his famous yachts. From the first time he saw her, he was much taken with Minnie, who with her lively personality was his direct opposite.

In 1940, Astor turned up at Barbara's wedding to Mortimer, and shortly thereafter moored his yacht, *Nourmahal* at Montauk, Long Island, and headed for fashionable East Hampton, where he married Minnie in a simple ceremony.

Almost from the beginning, their life together was a hectic one. Vincent Astor went into the Navy and, before the end of the war, had risen to the rank of captain. The Navy Relief Society became Minnie's chief interest, and when she sets out to do something, it's no halfway job. On a form letter requiring her signature, she felt it her duty to sign personally. And she did—a total of 2,500 letters.

Before the war was over, Minnie had worked diligently for the British War Relief, the Visiting Nurse Service, the United Hospital Fund, and the National War Fund. She helped organize the Ship's Service Committee which arranged parties and entertainment for crews at liberty in New York. It was her job to see that the sailors were decently entertained and not fleeced in the big town.

Since the war, the Astors spend most of the time at their home in Rhinebeck, New York. Here, Minnie gathers about her the people she likes, the people she finds interesting. A week-end guest of the Astors may find himself in the company of a struggling artist, as well as such famous persons as Cardinal Spellman, Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer, Moss Hart and Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Sherwood.

Today the three sisters are all happily married and seem unlikely

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to hit the matrimonial headlines again. A tight little triumvirate, easily in a position to rule Society's holy sanctum, they evince not the slightest desire to do so.

None of the three sisters will be found indulging in rounds of café society, balls, and champagne parties. Today all of them are working hard to raise funds for the North Shore Hospital. Both Betsey Whitney and Barbara Paley serve as committeewomen, putting in long hours and attending countless meetings. Both are active in foundation work and all the sisters have several charity causes to which they lend their names, time, and talents.

Today, Minnie appears to be much younger than her 45 years. She is tall and slim, has an excellent figure, and walks with assurance. Her light brown hair is worn in a page-boy bob, and her skin is flawless. Her extremely mobile expression, which keeps constantly changing during a conversation, has a quality of ever-present vitality about it.

Betsey, now 43, has the trim figure that belongs to all three of the Cushing girls. She has abandoned her bob for a fluffy feather cut, and has allowed it to gray becomingly at her temples.

Barbara, now 36, still has the finely chiseled features of an old Italian miniature.

Pretty, more than ordinarily endowed with charm, generous with time and money, each of the fabulous Cushing sisters has proved above all, as the years roll by, that her greatest asset is that sound and enduring quality—the virtue of being a good wife.

How will you stretch *your* dollar?

IN THE FACE of soaring taxes and prices, the November CORONET told of five ways to make your dollar go farther: 1) have a financial goal; 2) improve buying methods; 3) plug costly loopholes; 4) do more things yourself; and 5) *earn extra money.*

Only you know how to handle the first four points, but to earn extra money, follow the experience of more than 10,000 men and women who are making up to $5 an hour in their leisure time.

These people, anxious to put money aside for any of the dozens of things requiring extra income, started their own money-making subscription business.

With more and more of *your* friends and neighbors turning to magazines for relaxation in these fast-moving days, this is the time to establish your own subscription business.

You need no money, tools or experience to operate *this* profitable side line. Write for your FREE Coronet Sales Kit and receive a complete supply of selling aids.

Stretch your dollars the easy way! Send a postcard today for your free Sales Kit. Address:

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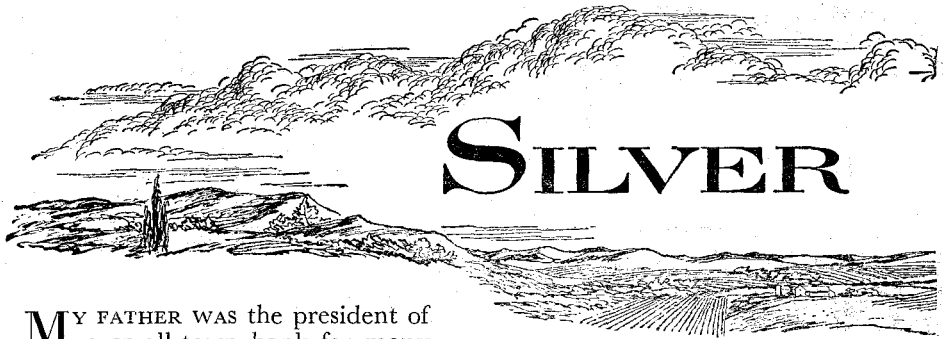

SILVER

MY FATHER WAS the president of a small-town bank for many years, and the kindest, most popular citizen in the county. He was so generous in the matter of loans that when the terrible pinch of the Depression came his bank was in difficulties. His worries turned him quickly and tragically into a sick old man.

Before he died, an incident occurred that must have helped greatly to lighten his load. Returning to work one noon, he found lined up on both sides to the bank's front entrance a Negro farmer, his wife, and their children and grandchildren. As my father opened the bank door, the farmer announced loudly and profoundly: "There he is, chillun! . . . There is he! . . . The finest man in God's whole world!"

The bank's creditors probably saw just another bad loan in the incident, but to us it was one more addition to our priceless heritage of memory. —MRS. RICHARD HUGHES, JR.

IT HAPPENED in the early years of The March of Dimes but I was put on my honor not to say anything even to my close friends until after Joe was gone. Ironically, he died on the eve of the start of the 1950 March of Dimes campaign.

I had watched him day after day as he sold newspapers on a downtown street corner of a Midwestern city. His frail right leg was in a steel brace, but he got about quite well without even a cane. On the first day of the first March of Dimes drive, he made several trips into the corner drugstore to put money in the container on the counter. These trips became a daily occurrence until the campaign ended.

One night after he quit his corner, he explained those trips.

"I had polio when I was just about to try for a career in professional baseball," he told me. "It was a sad blow, but I feel I have done the best I could with the life I had before me. Sure, I could have gone into an office but I would not have talked with the thousands of people I now talk to every day."

"But why," I asked, "do you make so many trips into the drugstore with contributions? There are plenty of people who can well afford to give many dollars."

"Sure, but do they?" he replied. "I am sorry to say, many of the people I know fail to support a cause that means so much to young children. It takes someone who has been through polio himself to know

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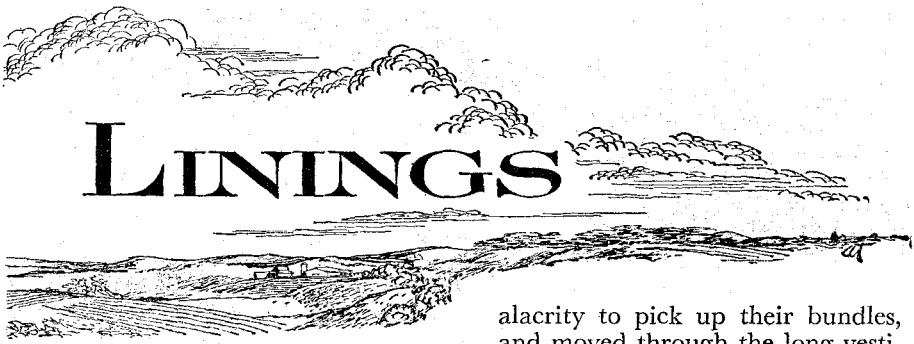

the answer there. That is why I contribute every dime I get for a paper. The quarters, nickels, and pennies I keep, but the dimes go in a separate pocket until I get to a March of Dimes box." —STAN FIFER

THE QUEUE of D.P.'s waited tensely just inside the entrance of New York's Grand Central Station. Their battered suitcases were bound with rope, their barracks bags bulged with the pitiful sum total of their worldly goods.

They had waited long to come, living on the slender thread of a dream. Now they were in America, but fear was in their faces. Here was a strange, big city—a vast unknown land. They stayed close to each other lest they lose their way and suddenly find themselves alone among an alien people.

Suburbanites racing for the 5:19 to Westchester flowed past them. Some commuters looked too long at the new arrivals, amused at the sorry luggage and coarse overcoats and weathered faces. The D.P.'s hid behind their eyes.

And then a quick word was passed from the head of the line. The D.P.'s bent down with pathetic alacrity to pick up their bundles, and moved through the long vestibule toward the waiting room. For months—for years, many of them—they had been moving like this at someone's command. Away from their secure little farms. Out of the rubble of remembered firesides. To internment camps. To eat, wash, cook, work, they moved in queues at barked orders.

On to the inner doors they went and the blond man at the head of the line, hurrying to keep up with the busy guide, tried shifting his bundles to one hand so he could pull the door open against the pressure of its closing device.

While he fumbled, a tall and impeccably dressed businessman quickened his steps and reached the door first. He swung it open, motioned the man through. And, his brief case in one hand, the door pulled wide with the other, he stood there almost at attention waiting for the whole line to pass.

After the last one had gone by, the tall man turned in after them and went on his way as if nothing had happened—as if he had not just rekindled a flame in a dozen hearts—as if he had not brought alive what a great lady lifting her torch high in New York harbor had only promised. —KENNETH L. WILSON

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The Court That Solves Income-tax Riddles

by HERBERT and MARION SCHON

A little-known tribunal hands down decisions on cases involving billions of dollars

WHEN THE BRIDE'S FATHER tallied the cost of his daughter's wedding at the swank Boston hotel and found that it came to a staggering $9,200, he suddenly had a bright idea. Why not let Uncle Sam help carry the burden of the matrimonial launching?

Since most of the wedding guests were business acquaintances, the father declared in his corporation income-tax return, he should be allowed $5,520 as a proper deduction for the advertising expense of his shoe-manufacturing business.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue, always wary of the taxpayer's ingenuity, refused to allow the claim. Determined to press his point, the shoe manufacturer appealed the Bureau's decision.

"There is no doubt that this corporation acted as 'father of the bride'," the court ruled. "But has the petitioner shown that these payments are deductible as ordinary and necessary business expenses? We think not. The wedding invitations made no reference to the shoe company. But it was quite a party, no doubt about that."

Such a whimsical comment on marriage is no novelty for judges of the U. S. Tax Court, the little-known tribunal whose job it is to hear Americans complain about Federal income taxes.

Charged with deciding which legitimate exemptions and deductions may be claimed by the country's taxpayers, the court's 16 judges travel from headquarters in Washington, D. C., to more than 50 cities throughout the country to hear about 6,000 persons a year who feel they are being overtaxed. Racketeers, housewives, movie stars, and taxi drivers have had their day before the court in cases which involved billions of dollars.

By now the judges figure they have heard every excuse man can invent for not paying taxes. The hundreds of unique reasons, however, have failed to dull the interest of Chief Judge John W. Kern and his colleagues in protecting the taxpayer from unjust levies, as well as making sure that the Treasury receives its just due.

A Philadelphia woman who had agreed to make up the deficit of a local orphanage listed on her return the $12,500 she had contributed to the institution. To the dismay of revenue agents, however, she had

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listed the 64 orphans as dependents, claiming an exemption for each.

After listening to her story, the Tax Court allowed deduction for the charitable contribution, but said it could not consider the 64 orphan boys as members of her family.

Age was a factor in a case where the court, looking on the bright side, ruled that a man 90 years old need not expect that death is near.

Oliver Johnson, a Kansas farmer who had retired to California, died at 94. Four years earlier he had divided most of his property among five children. Tax collectors took exception to the amount of the estate reported after death, claiming that the gifts to his children were made in contemplation of death and should be subject to estate tax.

Protesting that, at 90, their father had no idea of dying, the children sent a parade of witnesses before the court. Johnson's barber, chiropractor, doctor, and the children themselves testified that the old man wore bright ties, could jump up from the floor and click his heels at the age of 93, walked 70 blocks to a bank, drove 800 miles in two days, and suffered no ill effects from any of these activities.

Convinced that a man with that much pep couldn't have been expecting an early demise, the court decided against the revenue agents.

WHILE THE AVERAGE taxpayer of modest income usually has no cause to appeal to the Tax Court, it will listen to a case involving a few dollars as readily as one where a huge sum is at stake.

A registered nurse who sought to deduct the cost of uniforms as a professional expense received a letter from the Collector of Internal Revenue, seeking an additional $3.04. Such clothing costs could not be deducted, he asserted.

Embittered by what seemed an arbitrary decision, the nurse took her complaint to the Tax Court. Ostensibly all she won was the right not to pay $3.04, but those whose professions require the use of uniforms can thank her for saving them thousands of dollars.

Any taxpayer who feels his income is being assessed illegally can, for a $10 fee, petition the Tax Court to hear his case. If the court feels his claim has merit, the case will be heard. Judges will not only travel from Maine to Honolulu to listen to him, but will be as lenient as possible with legal novices who wish to appear for themselves.

Some citizens have appeared as their own attorneys with surprising success. Willard I. Thompson, an Oklahoma City cement finisher, won his case recently. Thompson, who claims he uses 15 packs of cigarettes a week, felt he should be allowed to deduct from his Federal taxes the levy imposed by Oklahoma on smokes sold within its borders. The court agreed with him.

Judges find their 12-year term of appointment cannot be spent in any legal ivory tower. They have gone into such specialized fields as whether Reginald Denny could deduct the amount paid for dental bridgework knocked out while making a prize-fight picture (he could), and whether W. C. Fields had a legitimate business expense in staying at a sanitarium for two weeks while admittedly recovering from the DT's. (He could not deduct it.)

One attorney in Washington

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claimed the work in his firm was so heavy that he frequently kept office help working long hours. To keep his clerks and secretaries happy, he told the court, it was necessary to take them to late shows at night clubs. Such expenses, the attorney felt, should be deductible. The court thought otherwise.

It took an average taxpayer, however, to make the court really marvel at the ingenuity of the human mind in its effort to avoid taxation. A San Francisco couple who had a daughter born to them in August claimed more than a full year's exemption for the child. Even during the period when the baby was unborn, they asserted, she was a person dependent on and receiving her chief support from them.

Tax Court judges figure they will wait a long time before anybody comes along and tops that one.

Backwoods Banter

A CIRCUIT RIDER came upon a man sitting dolefully on the steps of a shack deep in the Southern hill country. Reining in his horse, the minister said, "Afternoon, brother. Why so sad on such a fine day?"

"I'm mournin', suh," the man replied solemnly.

"Is your wife dead?" the preacher inquired solicitously.

"Nope, she ain't dead."

"Then why are you mourning, brother?" the minister asked.

"Well, it's like this," he explained. "My present wife has been anaggin' and apesterin' me so much lately that I just naturally went back into mournin' for my first wife."

A HILL WIFE was modestly acknowledging the congratulations of friends upon having nursed her husband, Walter, back to health after the doctor had despaired of his life.

"How did you manage it, Maggie?" a neighbor woman asked.

"Oh, it was quite simple," she replied. "When the doctor told me Walter was going to die, I asked myself one question. And when I couldn't find an answer I knew I just had to get Walter well!"

"What was the question you asked yourself, Maggie?"

"Who in the world wants a widow with four children?"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

A SALESMAN whose car broke down in a remote mountain section had to spend the night in a rather primitive cabin. Next day, as he tried to freshen up with a bucket, he had as an interested audience the many children of the family which had given him shelter.

He shaved, patted lotion on his face, dusted on a little powder. He brushed his teeth, cleaned his nails, shined his shoes as best he could, and whisked the dust off his clothes. The children watched wide-eyed. Finally one boy, letting out a tremendous sigh, exclaimed: "Gosh, Mister, ain't you an awful lot of trouble to yourself?"

—*Wall Street Journal*

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History's Most Fashionable Fire

by NORMAN SKLAREWITZ

How an accidental spark turned Paris' gay charity bazaar into a carnival of horror

IN THE SPRING of 1897, Paris, the center of European social life, prepared for the opening event of a brilliant season—the fabulous Bazar de la Charité. Invitations were sent to only the most illustrious figures of the day, and newspaper editors eagerly speculated as to which members of the nobility would be present. Society matrons vied with each other for one of the treasured tickets.

Yet before that fateful May 4 was to close, the heart of Paris was to be seared by history's most fashionable fire, turning this fairyland fête into a carnival of horror.

But there was no hint of death in the air that warm afternoon. Off the busy Champs Élysées, on the Rue Jean Goujon, preparations for the opening of the bazaar were complete. The site of the festival was a theater constructed for the "Old Paris" section of the famous Exhibition of 1889. Workmen had torn out the seats and stage, and had converted the model inns, shops, and quaint old houses that lined the walls into booths and amusement centers. Lavish Turkish drapes hung from balconies, and gay paper streamers and Chinese lanterns festooned the long hall.

In the flurry of excitement that accompanied last-minute arrangements, no one paid much attention to a quiet little man who had a booth in a separate room off the main hall. He was going to demonstrate an invention of his, the cinematograph. Committeewomen

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looked on as he assembled the device, then turned away; it was only a novelty, of small importance.

But the cumbersome black machine was to play a double role in history. The first, as one of the original motion-picture projectors; the second, as an instrument of death and destruction.

By midafternoon, bright-eyed shopgirls crowded the streets outside as the *équipages* began to arrive. Royal coats of arms flashed in the sunlight as liveried coachmen reined in their horses and beautifully gowned ladies and their handsome escorts, immaculately attired in formal dress, alighted.

Promptly at 4 P. M. the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Clari, blessed the gathering and, amidst lively chatter, the business of the Bazar de la Charité began.

Leading sponsors of Parisian charity presided over the stalls. Miss Elsie Bushbeck, prominent Philadelphia socialite, occupied a booth with three blind girls who demonstrated the use of the Braille alphabet. Nearby was the most notable stall-holder of them all, the wealthy Duchess d'Uzès, surrounded by the elite of society.

Ranged around the room were wooden horses for the children, refreshment stands, fortunetellers, and even a lovely young debutante who sold kisses.

Each coach as it arrived deposited more members of France's aristocracy—the ravishing Marquise de Gallifet, who was reported to be a close friend of England's gay Prince of Wales; the hero of the Franco-Prussian War, General Meunier; the Duc and Duchesse d'Alençon, whose sisters were the Empress of Austria and the former Queen of Naples.

More than 1,000 guests crowded the aisles of the auditorium as the cinematograph inventor prepared to demonstrate his machine to the small audience in his room. Gingerly he opened a can of ether and began to fill the projector lamp. He had poured in half the contents when suddenly a spark was touched off by the machine's igniter. A flash of flame leaped out.

Startled and severely burned, the man beat futilely at the blaze. Before he could summon help, the paper decorations over his stall burst into flame.

BARON MACKAU, standing at the far side of the room chatting with the Mother Superior of the Sisters of the Assumption, saw a sudden tongue of fire lick through the thin partition of the projection room. Moving closer to the Sister, he whispered, "Remain quiet . . . don't scream. There is a small fire across the room. I'll warn the ladies," he added, nodding toward the Comtesse Geffulhe and the Duchesse de la Torre.

But he never reached their side. Without warning the wall gave way and a blinding sheet of flame sprayed over the crowd. It touched the flowing train of a girl, who screamed and ran as the gossamer silk ignited and wrapped her in a robe of crimson. She crushed the stylish "lampshade" capes of two other women who, in turn, caught fire.

The shock that had momentarily frozen the guests gave way to uncontrolled panic. The most cultured and refined assemblage in Europe suddenly became a desperate, half-

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crazed mob stamping toward the two small doors at the main entrance. Women and children were swept along, dashed savagely against the wall, and crushed to death by the force of the human maelstrom.

A woman tripped on the folds of her long gown and fell—to be ruthlessly trampled by wild-eyed friends. Terrified at her fate, others began frenziedly ripping off their gowns.

Meanwhile the fire, fed by the flimsy decorations, spread around the room. The linen trappings over many of the booths had been painted with turpentine, and as the flames reached them, there would be a sudden vaporous puff that swept them on even faster.

In a far corner, a group of people found a small door and with a mad rush crowded through into a room that was a stifling caldron of smoke and flame. Blindly they groped for another door that would lead to safety. What they found, however, was not life but death. For the room had no exit—it was the cloakroom!

At the opposite end of the building, others discovered a door that backed onto the adjoining Hôtel du Palais. With a prayer of thanks, they tore away the decorative curtain over it. As they did so their prayers turned to cries of anguish. The door faced a barred window!

Servants in the hotel on the other side saw their plight and hurried to find tools. Precious seconds passed as they pried at the steel bars. Finally an opening was made. Eager hands reached out to help a few trapped ones through, but a curtain of flame soon dropped between them and their rescuers.

For a few minutes it seemed that those still trapped in the center of the hall might escape the flames. But fate had still another terrible trick to play. The fire now had climbed the matchwood walls to the ceiling. There the intense heat began to melt the tarred felt roof.

Slowly the compound began to simmer, then bubble; the ceiling disintegrated. Then a hellish rain began as the canvas and paper decorations absorbed the molten tar and dropped blazing to the floor below. Every inch of the room now became part of a gigantic, frightful funeral pyre.

From the nearby Champs Élysées, police reported the holocaust as a giant "fire spout" that roared skyward, belching black smoke. An alarm had already been turned in, but it did little good. There were fire pumps to be had, but the great speed with which the blaze burned rendered them useless. The fire raged on unchecked.

OUTSIDE THE HALL, the streets were choked with spectators who stood helplessly watching as, one after another, the survivors crawled from the building, their clothing ablaze. Three half-nude women ran hysterically up and down the street in sheer relief at being out safely.

Firemen hacked away at the walls but time and again the heat drove them back. Houses nearby were thrown open to the injured, and doctors from all parts of the Quarter worked desperately to keep life in broken bodies.

The French Cabinet meeting hastily adjourned; shops closed and thousands of curious joined friends and relatives who rushed to the scene of the disaster. Twice policemen had to restrain husbands who

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tried to leap into the flames in search of wives lost inside.

In a matter of minutes, the old building had consumed itself. One after another the walls crumpled in, until none was left standing. Then platoons of French soldiers joined police and firemen in the grisly task of bringing out the bodies.

Next day the entire city went into mourning. Parties for the rest of the social season were canceled, and all theaters in Paris closed in tribute to the dead. Each time a black hearse rumbled along the street, those watching would bow their heads in silent prayer.

Lists of the dead published in the Paris newspapers read like a roll of Europe's most distinguished men and women. Of the blind girls assisting the American visitor, Miss Bushbeck, only one escaped. Mrs. F. B. Gilmour, another prominent American, also escaped unharmed. In all, 124 were listed as dead and more than 500 as injured—many scarred for life.

The Bazar de la Charité disaster was to influence French society—and the world—in two ways. In the generations that followed, it became a mark of social distinction to be a descendant of someone who perished in the fire; and for years to come, managers of theaters and public gathering places forbade anyone trying to use a cinematograph. As a result, interest in the fledgling art form was cut short in Europe, and it remained for several Americans to take up and perfect the motion-picture projector.

And what of the quiet little inventor whose machine caused the tragic fire? Of him there is no record. Who was he? What was his name? Where did he come from? The answers to these questions were buried forever in the ashes of the Bazar de la Charité—history's most fashionable fire.

Bridalwise

Spinster: A lady frequently guilty of contempt of courting.
—PHILIP MUIR

Smart Bride: One who quits playing ball after she makes a good catch!
—*The Pure Globe*

Married Couple: Two people who sit in the balcony at a movie because they want to smoke.
—EARL WILSON

Honeymoon: The vacation a man takes before going to work for a new boss.
—ANN B. CEASAR

Go-getter: The thing some married men wish they hadn't.
—ANDREW MEREDITH

June: The month unmarried girls like to be well-groomed.
—*Wall Street Journal*

Bachelor: A man who can put his socks on from either end.
—GEENE COURTNEY

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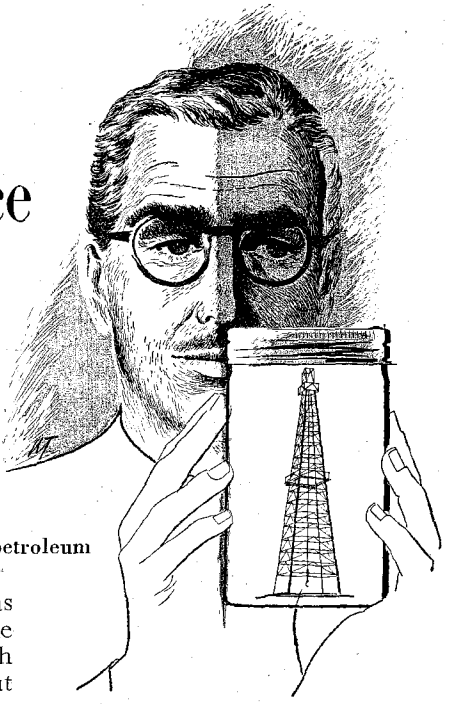
BACTERIA Join the Race for OIL



by RUTH SHELDON KNOWLES

A discovery in a California laboratory may double our known supply of petroleum

MEN ARE BORING holes as deep as four miles into the earth in the race for new oil to keep pace with America's tremendous demand. But the greatest oil discovery of all time may turn out to be one made in a half-pint fruit jar in a California laboratory—a discovery that could double America's known resources of precious petroleum.

What happened in that fruit jar is a key to how to bring to the surface billions of barrels of oil which so far have baffled every scientific effort at recovery.

After the first great gush from a well, the flow slows, and finally trickles to nothing. Assuming that this was all there was, early drillers went on to new discoveries, not realizing that they were leaving behind them more petroleum than they had produced.

The holes they had drilled were like pricking a balloon. The gas rushing to the surface brought up part of the oil, but left greater quantities trapped in the honeycombs of rock. Some of it, however, could be pumped up, and the roar of gushers was quickly replaced by the chugging of pumps. When the wells again went dry, oil men were sure there was no oil left.

Some lucky accidents proved them wrong. In Pennsylvania, a gas well had to be capped while awaiting equipment—and wells on adjoining property suddenly increased in production. This gave an alert young worker the idea that putting gas back into the reservoir, to replace gas that had been dissipated, would bring more oil out. It not only worked for producing wells,

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but when tried in abandoned fields created a second crop. Where there was no gas, air was successfully used, then water.

Scientists developed this game of put and take into a highly specialized art. In the last 25 years, one and a quarter billion barrels of oil have been produced by applying these secondary recovery techniques. However, as scientists learned more about oil's behavior in the earth, they realized that as much petroleum still remained in the rocks as the combined first and second crops brought to the surface. Even in new fields, where early wasteful practices are avoided, only four-fifths of the oil can be produced.

Those billions of barrels still tightly locked in buried layers of sand and lime rock assume vital importance in an America that is using twice as much oil as it did before World War II. Military needs demand that we develop a million more barrels a day than we now have. But there is always an answer to each new problem—if man can somehow find it.

A FEW YEARS AGO Dr. Claude E. ZoBell, Professor of Marine Microbiology at the University of California Scripps Institution of Oceanography, was deep in a research project sponsored by the American Petroleum Institute.

Strangely enough, in view of oil's vital importance to the world's way of life, very little is known about how it was formed in the earth. Most scientists agree, however, that it was formed from organic matter—the remains of plants and animals. Since all organic matter is subject to attack by bacteria, it seemed logical to assume that bacteria played a part in the origin of oil, and Dr. ZoBell was trying to find out just what kind of part.

In his experiments ZoBell saturated some sea sand with oil, placing with it a batch of bacteria in a mineral-salts solution. After a few days and much to ZoBell's surprise, a film of oil appeared on the surface. Apparently the bacteria had released the oil absorbed by the sand grains. It was an exciting idea.

He sent to Pennsylvania for samples of oil-bearing rocks taken from the bottom of old wells. Placing these in half-pint fruit jars, he added a bacteria-laden solution to some. Others, with the same liquid solution but no bacteria, he put in a refrigerator whose zero temperature would prevent any chance of bacteria growth.

The bacteria, which can double in number every hour or two, multiplied prolifically and in a few days had liberated oil from the rocks, while the refrigerated samples remained the same. Further study revealed not only what happened, but that various kinds of bacteria do different things, depending on the type of oil-bearing rock.

Bacteria which grow on solid surfaces literally crowd the oil off the coated grains of porous sandstone. Others, placed in oil-bearing limestone, manufacture an acid which dissolves the limestone, leaving free oil. Still other bacteria perform like miniature refineries. Working on the oil itself, they make it lighter and free-flowing.

The tremendous commercial possibilities of putting industrious little bacteria to work freeing billions of barrels of oil are obvious. But before

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FAST RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN

WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST!

TUMS

- **AFTER BREAKFAST**

  Does acid indigestion come after your juice and coffee? Eat a couple of Tums. See how Tums sweeten stomach almost instantly. You feel better fast. Keep Tums handy always.

- **AFTER LUNCH**

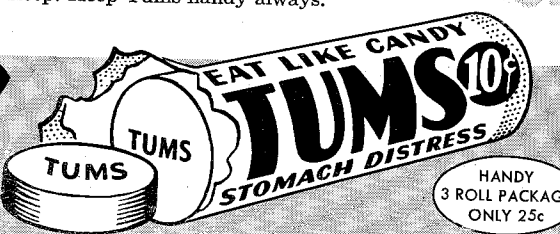
  If nervousness, pressure of business or bolting your lunch cause acid indigestion, let Tums handle the situation. Tums relieve distress of acid indigestion almost instantly. Keep Tums handy always.

- **AFTER DINNER**

  When you've eaten too much or too rich foods, don't worry about acid indigestion. Tums are made to relieve such distress and discomfort. Tums make you feel better in a jiffy. Keep Tums handy always.

- **AT BEDTIME**

  Don't let acid indigestion keep you tossing and pitching. Eat a couple of Tums. Tums soothe and settle jittery stomach. And the sleep that follows Tums is sound, *natural* sleep. Keep Tums handy always.



FOR THE TUMMY

GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA

✓ TRY ONE OR TWO TUMS AFTER BREAKFAST—SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER

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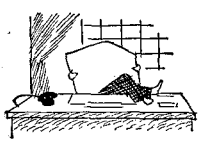
this can be done on a large scale, scientists are working feverishly to learn more about a number of things—how bacteria behave under different temperatures and pressures, how they react to earth chemicals, whether or not they should be fed, and how much it will cost to use them. Like everything else in America, the bacteria must be competitive and prove themselves capable of producing oil economically.

In addition to the bacteria's use in old oil fields, another tremendous application—which has already worked successfully in the laboratory—is the possibility of now being able to utilize the great Athabaska tar-sand deposits in Canada. So far, these sands have defied any efforts to produce oil commercially from them, although they are one of the greatest known Western Hemisphere reserves.

There are indications that bacteria may even play an important part in helping find new oil. Knowledge of their role in oil's origin and their behavior in soil above pools may, when combined with other prospecting methods, lead to the discovery of new fields.

How long it will be before the old fields can be made to yield their third crop with the help of these versatile bacteria is problematical. However, the discovery in Dr. ZoBell's fruit jar demonstrates again that America's strength lies as much in her natural resourcefulness as in her natural resources.



The American Scene

A DIRECTOR of a publishing firm makes a practice of giving each of his employees a five-week vacation with pay. A business acquaintance who heard of this remarked that it was a very generous gesture, one that was sure to bring results.

"It's not generous at all," the publisher retorted, "but it certainly brings results. It's my way of discovering the people I can do without."

—JOHN S. WILSON

A DETROIT REALTOR, putting applied psychology to work, did not set up "sold" signs in front of houses he had just peddled off. He had the signs read, instead: "Too late." —*Tide*

OUR CURIOSITY was aroused when we saw a farmer placing forkfuls of hay along the edge of a shed roof.

"Why are you doing that?" we inquired.

"Well," he replied, "this isn't very good hay and if I put it in the manger the cows won't eat it. But if I put it up here where they can just barely reach it, they think they're stealing it and they'll eat every single bit." —*Capper's Weekly*

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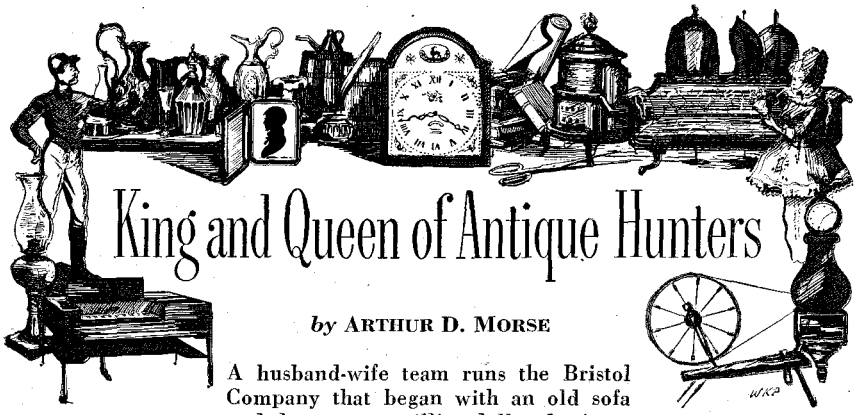

King and Queen of Antique Hunters

by ARTHUR D. MORSE

A husband-wife team runs the Bristol Company that began with an old sofa and became a million-dollar business

ONE DAY IN 1901, a horse-drawn garbage wagon with a battered old sofa perched atop rattled through New York's Lower East Side. Finally it came abreast of the high porch where an Austrian emigrant, Asher Lans, sat sunning himself. Lans leaped to his feet and halted the wagon. A few minutes later the incredulous garbage man, happily pocketing a $5 bill, was clattering on his way minus a genuine Virginia Colonial sofa.

This humble acquisition mushroomed into the million-dollar Bristol Company, one of the world's largest wholesale distributors of antiques, headed today by a remarkable husband-and-wife team: Asher Lans' son Arthur and the latter's wife, Sophie. Fabulous antique hunters, Arthur and Sophie have culled specimens from every corner of Europe, but they have never found a bargain like that $5 sofa on the garbage wagon.

In the opulent 1920s, Morgans, Astors, and Vanderbilts flocked to Bristol for authentic antiques; at the same time, Arthur mass-produced beautiful reproductions at prices everyone could afford.

Lans' furious energy belies his 65 years, and any discussion of furniture sends him into a special frenzy.

"Mrs. Lans," he says, waving his arms, "there aren't a dozen men in the whole industry who know anything about style!"

"Is it really that bad, Mr. Lans?" his wife asks.

"I'll tell you how bad it is, Mrs. Lans," he snorts. "Once I showed an important furniture dealer some beautiful chairs. 'What kind of chairs are those?' he asked.

" 'Chippendale,' I told him.

" 'Huh!' he said. 'Why should I buy them from you when I can get them from him direct?' "

These dialogues between the Lanses take place up and down the 11 floors of Bristol's showrooms on East 62nd Street in New York, a wonderland of rich-grained woods, shimmering crystal, and exquisitely wrought accessories. Fine reproductions of Regency, Directoire, and Biedermeier furniture stand next to the imperious antiques from which

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they were copied or modified to meet modern requirements.

"Take this piece," says Sophie, running her fingers lovingly over a graceful chair. "The original was shallow and rigid because ladies in hoop skirts had to sit on the edge. We've made our version deeper, wider, and more comfortable, but we've kept every bit of chair that the artistic eye wants to keep."

Because of Arthur Lans' ingenuity, it became possible to buy a needlepoint chair for $29. When he tackled the problem, the minimum price was $1,000, and the world-renowned Belgian women in the art were idle. He made the beauty of needlepoint available to everyone, and thousands of Belgians enjoyed a new prosperity.

Lans accomplished this by utilizing mass-production techniques without impairing the embroiderers' artistry. He assigned figure work to women gifted in that specialty, the flower designs to others, and the backgrounds to a third group.

Tall, attractive Sophie married Arthur in 1917, but for 22 years she had nothing to do with the business. Then one day in 1940 she strolled into Bristol, looked around, and decided to become Arthur's business partner, too.

She soon became indispensable because of her eye for furniture and accessories with a woman's appeal, and in 1949 she flew alone to Paris for the most successful buying trip in Bristol's history. In seven weeks she spent $50,000, testing every purchase with the simple question—"Can I live with it?"

When she finally returned to Bristol, Arthur led her quietly to a packing box and removed a clock.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she exclaimed. "I found that old French clock in a farmhouse in the Provence, and the farmer simply refused to sell it—said it had been in his family for generations. I finally offered so much money he couldn't refuse. Look at that delicate workmanship, that French—"

"My dear Mrs. Lans," interrupted Arthur, "if you will look in the back of your magnificent clock, you will find it was made in Connecticut, U.S.A."

But the clock turned out to be a valuable collector's item, and Sophie was vindicated.

According to the Lanses, the days of discovering valuable heirlooms in attics are not what they used to be.

"The people who have the best antiques today," says Sophie, "are the GIs who brought home priceless things from Europe and have no idea of their worth. One GI came in with some Italian miniatures he had been given in exchange for a few packs of cigarettes. He asked if they were worth anything. 'Only about $1,500 apiece,' I told him. I thought his eyes would pop!"

ARTHUR LANS' career began with an apprenticeship to his father at the age of six. Papa Asher was a metalsmith before emigrating to America in 1880. After selling modestly priced door knockers, andirons, and candelabra to the few antique dealers in business at the turn of the century, Asher realized they were retailing them for big profits. He wanted to open his own antique store, but hesitated to risk the family's security—until the incident of the garbage wagon.

The day after he bought the sofa

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Life
BY
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THE ACCEPTED SYMBOL
For fit, for comfort
For fit that's magically flattering, comfort that's positively pampering—look for the label that says Life by Formfit! Only LIFE BRAS by Formfit are "Triple Fitted" to (1) your bust size, (2) your cup size, (3) your separation—wide, medium or narrow. And LIFE GIRDLE alone has Formfit's tailored-in control that comfortably slims the waist, trims and smooths hips and thighs. Be fitted and see! At the better stores.
For a Sweetheart of a Figure
Life Bras from $1.25
Life Girdles from $8.95
THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

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for $5, he sold it for $150, which convinced the family that Papa was destined to be an antique dealer. Fifteen-year-old Arthur was assigned to locate a vacant store, and soon the Lans Curiosity Shop was carrying fine American antiques.

When his father died in 1907, Arthur was only 21, but he handled the store's affairs so well that soon it was grossing $200,000 a year. When the Lans shop moved to a fashionable uptown address, Arthur concentrated on European antiques.

The '20s were golden years, and during that period Lans made some spectacular sales. The wife of a film producer came to Bristol for a $15 purchase and spent more than $600,000. The Colonial Dames of America paid $25,000 for a single paneled room for their headquarters; and Arthur sold $75,000 worth of Italian throne chairs, sofas, and settees to the Chicago Theater, one of the first super film houses.

Meanwhile, a factory employing 400 men worked overtime trying to meet the demand for reproductions, and Arthur shuttled back and forth between Europe and the U.S. in search of more antiques and ideas.

Then came 1929. Retail stores urged Lans to eliminate fine workmanship for lower prices. Arthur would always agree; then quietly give orders not to make the alterations, although his prices dropped to rock bottom. For months he drew no money from the company, but his workmen were always paid.

Lans weathered the Depression, but in 1939 he was finally forced to close his factory, and Bristol's mass-production period ended. Next year, Sophie Lans joined her husband and a new era began.

Today, Lans reproductions are made to order for clients, although they are no longer sold in quantity. And the antiques, graceful and enduring, still pour into Bristol when Sophie and Arthur make European jaunts four times a year. In short, Bristol has made a quick comeback, at a time when public demand has shifted to sleek modern styling.

You ask Sophie about functional furniture.

"Functional?" she says. "Not if you enjoy living with grace and charm. Functional just means a top, two legs, and no beauty. Right, Mr. Lans?"

"Right, Mrs. Lans," says Arthur. "Absolutely right!"

Young Mind at Work

DURING THOSE swirling floods which surprised the Midwest section of the U. S. last July, the stricken population of a certain Kansas area was in urgent need of drinking water. A relief crew, ready to fly it to them, found themselves suddenly faced with the problem of a nonspill method of dropping water from a plane. Ordinary containers, no matter how tightly sealed, could burst with the force of their fall. While the oldsters shook their heads and wondered, a bright 12-year-old came through with the answer, gleaned from his comic books: they dropped *ice*.

—DORIS DEJANOVICH

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Amazing Facts About Your Skin

by SUSAN VOIGHT

Your epidermis is more than a protective armor for your body; it's also a remarkable and intricate alarm system

WHAT IS SO REMARKABLE about your skin? Well, as a starter, consider this: it's full of holes. Why, then, don't you get logy every time you take a bath, or sink when you go swimming?

The answer is that the skin, as distinguished from a blotter, goes to work at exactly the right moment. Its oil glands close up the tiny holes and the water can't get in.

Few people realize that the skin is an organ, one of the most important and busiest that you possess. Organs, by definition, are structures that perform some specific function or functions.

Your skin has a lot of functions. It provides a protective armor that saves tissues underneath from drying and injury; it plays a major role in regulating body temperature, grows nails and hair, eliminates surplus salt. Moreover, it is a highly complicated alarm system.

Every hour of the day and night, it is on the alert, ready to telegraph to your brain warnings of pain, heat or cold. To carry out this job, it is provided with millions of tiny nerve receptors, each a combined receiver and transmitter.

One of the marvels of the body is its ability to stay at uniform temperatures in blistering July or subzero January. Your skin plays a big part in the performance of this miracle. Actually, it acts like a thermostat that puts man-made devices to shame. To accomplish the job, it

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has a set of nerves which control the blood vessels.

In cold weather, the vessels contract and cut down your heat loss. When it is warm, the vessels open, helping to rid your body of excess heat. Millions of sweat glands also play their part in keeping you air-conditioned: in hot weather they discharge moisture, sometimes a couple of quarts a day.

Wrinkles in the skin of your face can be caused by anything from a chronically dour look to the fact that you live in too dry a climate or that the air in your house isn't kept moist enough (steam heat usually is the villain in the latter case). An excess of salt in the system also brings on wrinkles. So, after 40, it's a good idea to reduce the amount of salt you allow yourself, because the aging body may have trouble getting rid of it.

The business of growing hair is a complicated one, for you have hair all over you, even if you can't see it. For each tiny hair, your skin must provide a whole apparatus, including oil sac, nerve, blood vessel and muscle. The oil sac keeps the hair lubricated; the nerve zips a message to your brain when the hair is pulled or stroked; the blood vessel provides nourishment; and the muscle makes the hair lie flat or stand up, depending on the weather and your emotions.

At any time of life, your emotional state has a lot to do with the appearance of your skin. A multitude of blemishes may be traced to emotional disorders, while blushing, of course, is only emotion made visible.

Physically speaking, blushing is a result of a sudden dilation of the surface blood vessels, which are affected chiefly by the emotions. Women are commonly supposed to be more prone to blush than men. This may have been true in Victorian days when many of them were more inhibited and, consequently, more easily upset than is the case now. But, physiologically, they are no more inclined to blush than men.

Blushing, by those who suffer especially from it, is considered a particularly devilish phenomenon because it is so obvious. "If I have to blush," they think in desperation, "why can't it be in some hidden place, like the small of the back? Why does it have to be on the face?" Probably it will be cold comfort to these unfortunates to learn that, according to best medical opinion, they do blush in the small of the back. They blush all over.

The trouble is, blushing is most readily observable in exposed areas; the blood cells located there respond more quickly than those which have been kept covered by clothing and have lost some of their sensitivity through disuse.

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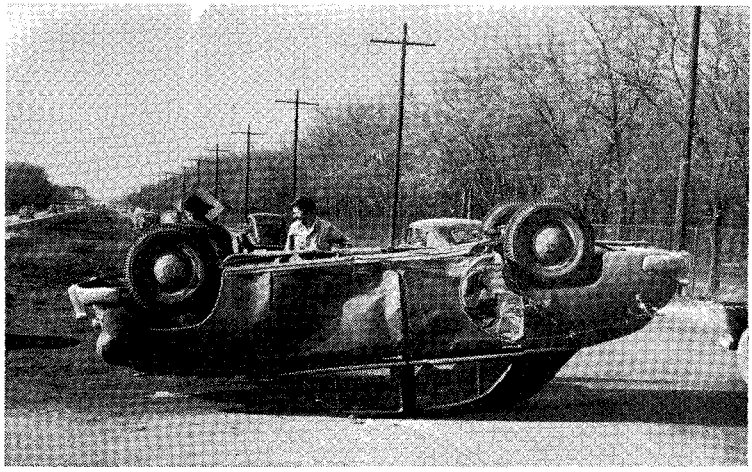

New Safe Driving Films Will Protect Your Children

Just released by Coronet Films . . . three 16mm sound motion pictures that teach the principles of safe, sane driving.

Entitled (1) *Fundamental Skills* (2) *Streets and Highways* (3) *Advanced Skills and Problems,* this vital series portrays driving methods and dangers with vividness achieved only by sound motion pictures.

Pitfalls of heavy traffic and night driving, travel on wet or icy roads, driving around blind curves, proper speeds and road courtesy . . . all are presented visually together with basic and advanced driving instructions.

For details on how you can obtain these vital films, write:

Coronet Films

Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois

Parents: Safeguard your children. Insist that these films be made a part of their school curriculum.

Teachers and school executives: Use these films to teach your students safe driving skills.

Business and civic leaders: Place these films in your schools, clubs, churches. Make them a "must" for all drivers.

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Time for Courtesy

It's nice to pick up the telephone and hear an alert, friendly voice come over the wires.

It may be the familiar "Voice with a Smile" of the telephone operator. Or a friend or business customer. Or a stranger you're meeting—and judging—for the first time by telephone.

Any time is a good time for telephone courtesy. But right now, when the rush is on and minutes are scarce, it is doubly appreciated.

All 'round the clock it saves time and tempers and helps everybody get more things done, more quickly.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Detective of Destiny

ONE DAY IN 1842 a young Scotsman and his bride arrived in Chicago with 25 cents to their names. Dismayed but not discouraged, Allan opened a business in a Scottish settlement on the Fox River. From morning until night, he slaved at the only trade he knew—making barrels and casks. Then, one evening as he was checking the day's receipts, Allan noted that some of the money seemed strange and new. His lips tightened—he was being paid in counterfeit money!

The young Scotsman said nothing, but henceforth every customer who entered his shop was scrutinized. Several days later, the village grocer came to buy a barrel—and handed Allan some of the imperfect currency.

"This is funny-looking money," the lad said. "Any idea who gave it to you?" The grocer recalled having accepted it from a short, dark man who wore high boots.

Allan said no more, but in the weeks following he learned more about this short, dark man. He was a member of a gang which had been flooding the area with phony money. When he had the evidence he needed, Allan called on the local sheriff and together they crossed to a lonely spot on an island in the Fox River. There, in a rough shack, they found several members of the gang—and stacks of the counterfeit money.

The sheriff was understandably impressed. Would Allan care to be the sheriff's consultant? The happy Scot nodded, and spent off-duty hours working on local crime cases. Through clever detective work, he soon started to clear the county of horse thieves, crooks, counterfeiters. In fact, the zealous amateur became so famous that he was invited to become Chicago's first police detective.

Singlehandedly, he set up a force to rid the community of its thriving criminal element. Soon he was hailed as one of the greatest detectives in history. Ultimately he went on to form his own secret-service outfit—the Allan Pinkerton

—PAUL [illegible]

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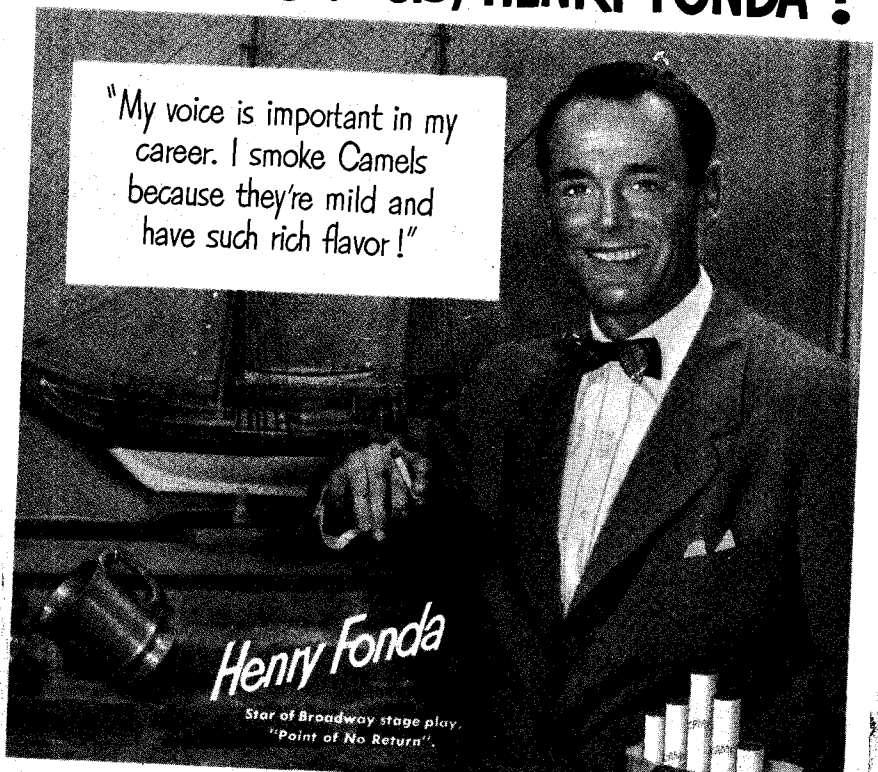
Why did you change to Camels, HENRY FONDA?


"My voice is important in my career. I smoke Camels because they're mild and have such rich flavor!"
Henry Fonda
Star of Broadway stage play, "Point of No Return".

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS—

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after making weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days.

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